

THE

WAR

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



CRY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year. No. 25

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.



ANSWER HIM SOFTLY.

Speak to him softly. You cannot know
In the depths below,
How sharp was the struggle, the fight he made,
For the price he paid,
And yielded his soul to the tempter's power
In a hasty hour.

Plead with him softly, for it may be
Like the sturdy tree
Which tested in many a storm its strength,
To be rent at length.
He struggled full on, and resisted well,
Though at last he fell.

Answer him softly, lest you be tried
On your weaker side,
And fall, as before you so many have done,
Who in thought had won.
Fall, too, ere temptation had spent its force
In its subtle course.

Talk with him softly, for none can tell,
When the storm-clouds swell,
Whose bark shall weather the tempest or whose
Its venture shall tell,
Speak gently; the weakest may stand the gale—
The roughest may fall.

Stories of Our Shelters.

SOCIAL INCIDENT FROM DAWSON CITY

Adj. Frank Morris writes: "First one helped in Shelter, young man left well-to-do family in England. Came Klondike. Spent money, had no food, asked at 63 places one day for food or work—refused, with thermometer registering 40 or more degrees below zero. Came to S. A. Saved wood like a man. Lived on the least. Is helped on his feet. Now getting along well, having been helped up by S. A. Says used, in his ignorance, to sneer at Army in England; never will again, as he will ever be grateful for the Army's practical sympathy and the 'wood-pile'."

Others have come direct from the hospital, who were not able to pay high prices for food, and had to have care. American Relief Committee last winter sent scurvy patients, who received proper food, etc., and were cured. No one has ever been refused work or food. The place at present has all it can accommodate."

Brigadier Pugmire Tells the Following Incident from the Social Work.

John —, a poor drunkard and outcast, who had sunk as low as it is almost possible to do in the social scale, came to one of our Shelters for food and lodgings. While attending one of the meetings, the Spirit of God strove with him. He was faithfully dealt with about his sins, and at the same time told of a pitying Saviour's love, with the result that he sought forgiveness while kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

John held on to his new-found joy, and became a Salvation Soldier, and afterwards a bandsman and Local Officer and was made a blessing to the community.

At the present time John is the officer in charge of one of our Social Institutions. He has been saved to save others. Oh, the grace of God, what marvels have been wrought by it!

A SOCIAL STORY FROM THE WEST.

By ADJT. PATTERSON.

Since becoming an officer in Salvation Army warfare, and in the Social work especially, I have met with a great many different classes and conditions of men. Some have, at one time in their life, held good and responsible positions; their future prospects seemed very bright, but through evil associations they have been led, step by step, downward, until they have found themselves at the bottom of the ladder, homeless, friendless, and penniless. A third stage they generally put in their appearance at the Shelter, should there be one in the vicinity. On the other hand, there are others who have never risen any higher than the bottom round, not because they have not tried to rise, for many times they have made good resolutions, and tried to get away from their bondage, but found themselves slaves in every sense of the word, to drink and vice. But even these our God can liberate, and have found Christ through the medium of our Shelters.

The following is a case which has come under my observation since coming to the West. "I've told him George," he had worked himself up from being an errand boy, until he became the head salesman in a large firm, and frequently was sent abroad to purchase goods for his employers. Poor George got in with company that was not calculated to do him good; he was leading a fast life, and acquired the habit of drinking, which soon dragged him down until he was not to be relied upon. He was discharged from the firm and became an habitual drunkard.

George was unknown to the Salvation Army officers until one day he made application for something to eat. Although he was under the influence of drink, he showed that he had some principle left. He said (after getting his dinner), "I have no money to pay for this, but I understand that you can supply me with work." So poor George went out and cut the first day he had ever had in his life. The perspiration rolled from his face. He said that he was going to stick to it. He ended by breaking the saw, and chopping the handle of an axe, so the man who was in charge of the



PLAN OF THE SIEGE.

February 25th to April 2nd, 1900

Juniors' Week—Sunday, March 18th, to Saturday, March 24th.

Enlistment Week—Sunday, March 25th, to Saturday, March 31st.

Universal Enrolment of Soldiers—Sunday and Monday, April 1st and 2nd.

yard told him to go and have a rest. A few months previous to his coming to the Shelter, he had been working as assistant in a restaurant, and in this way knew something about cooking. So we took him from the woodyard and put him in the kitchen, and it was while he was working in this capacity that he gave his heart to God. He became a real good and trustworthy fellow, went to the meetings every night, and expressed his intention of becoming an officer in the Social work, if accepted. Just about this time, his former employer (who was a professing Christian) heard that George had been converted in the Army, and looking quite respectful again, so he concluded that he would take him on again at his old job, and at the same salary, for George was a remarkably good salesman when sober. The officer in charge pointed out to the head of the firm that it was a dangerous thing to offer George a large salary again, especially now, as he felt that he should become an officer in the Army; but the manager said that George was converted, and that there would be no danger of him falling away, and so persuaded him to accept his offer. George told under this temptation, he soon stopped coming to the meetings, the old thirst for drink took hold of him again, his old companions got round him, and he soon drifted to the downward path.

Four months slipped by. George was dismissed from the firm again, on account of his dissipated habits. He made application at the Shelter the second time. We took him in and did our best for him. He always regretted that he had left the Saviour and the Army, and did not follow out his soul's convictions. He found in his sorrow that he "could not serve two masters." However, George professed to get right again, and left the city. The last heard from him was that he was saved and doing well. Glory be to God!

I trust that the above will be a lesson to those whom God has called to work for Him, not to be side-tracked by any offer, but to accept the gift offered for Him. God has given to work in His vineyard.

There is One that knows us at our worst, knows all the hidden possibilities of evil within us, and yet He does not turn away from us, ashamed and hopeless. He bends over us in eager love, seeks to have us as His friend, near and dear as tenderest care can make us, comes to dwell in us, and by His own indwelling to satisfy us.

A Loveless Life.

The life of which we talk was a loveless one until the Lord of Love came and filled it with Himself.

Annie had just the faintest memory of the pale patient face of someone with a wealth of golden hair, like her own, that fell in thinning clusters on the pillow of the bed by which she often stood, while a thin, white hand gently touched her own, and a faint whisper called her "darling," and "mother's little girl."

But one sad day, while still a child, Annie stood by that bedside for the last time, and wondered that no loving word was spoken, and that the white hands were folded and still. Then someone told her that her mother was taking her long sleep; and as everyone walked about the darkened house on tip-toe, she thought it strange that they let her mother sleep so long, and seemed so afraid of waking her.

By-and-by a day came when Annie was told to

Call Someone Else "Mother,"

but even the child somehow understood that this was only a name that gave another woman the right to demand obedience, without the love that should prompt it. So she refused and rebelled; and became restless and unhappy, and home was home no longer.

In time there came into the void of the love-starved life one who promised to more than fill it—to flood it with joy and love. But it was only a little time, a very little time—before Annie found that this love was also dead. It was lost and gone, not in the death that brings closed eyes and peaceful silence; but in that worse death of cruel falseness, and bitterest wrong and desertion.

After a few months there was an hour that brought Annie a new joy. God meant that the joy, which comes with motherhood, should be a chord of heaven, but the single notes of all other loves are but the single notes. But for Annie motherhood had so much of minor music that it proved but a sad and broken melody, waiting out.

Reminders of Her Shame.

Turned from her father's door, with her child in her arms, she spent her first shillings in securing a lodging for a few days. When her money was gone she paced the streets for days, an unceasing for outcast, shut out, it seemed, from all human pity and sympathy.

Then it was, in that darkest hour, when all earthly love was dead, the sweet influences of Love Divine found an entrance into her soul. Sanctified human love was the light, the golden cord that drew her to Himself, to find the unchanging Love that alone can satisfy.

In her hour of need Annie applied to the Salvation Army, and in its Rescue Home her severed child was born, the same day and date. But in her distress God came into her heart through human sympathy. It was so strangely sweet to have someone to care for her, to wipe away her tears, to smile for her words, to watch for her health.

So, when the Salvation Army officers told her of another love, of which there was only the reflection, of the love of One, Who went to Calvary for them and here, she understood it. If these, His servants, loved her so, what must His love be? And the broken spirit and loveless life cried out for this Jesus, lover of her soul, and in Him found all that satisfies in the love that streams from the Cross. Annie is to-day living—The Deliverer.

After a Fall

The next thing to do after a fall, either naturally or spiritually, is to rise again. Just as the fallen ladder is to resume the perpendicular attitude when we have been tripped up bodily, so it should be our instinct to resume our attitude of uprightiness after any fall into sin. It is true that we cannot do this without help, but the help is there for anyone who will take it. David shows us where it is, and how to get it, in his great psalm of repentance, the fifty-first. It was shown in the mire fifty badly when he was so that he could not rise, but he still knew where his help was, and Who could wash off all the mire. He does not try to belittle his sin, but he means to be grate that could deal with it, and he bows that deal the message of true repentance upon the lips of sorrowing sinners for all time. If Satan has any sense, he must rue having tripped David up that time.

THE CHARGE OF THE SAW-DUST BRIGADE.

(Written by a man helped by our Dawson City Shelter.)

Half a rick, half a rick upward,
All to the cold wood yard
Crawled the chilled brigade.

"Forward, the saw-dust brigade,
Charge the black pile!" he said.
All to the cold wood yard,
Crawled the chilled brigade.

"Forward, the saw-dust brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the sawyers knew
Fortune had blundered;
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to saw or die,
All to the cold wood yard,
Crawled the chilled brigade.

Cold winds to right of them,
Cold winds to left of them,
Cold winds in front of them,
Blew on them freezing them,
Charged at with flaky snow-balls,
Boldly they sawed and well,
Out on the cold, cold snows,
Out in the chilly winds,
Worked the saw-dust brigade.

Flashed all their dull saws bare,
Writhing here and there,
Charging a forest,
While all the town wondered,
Plunged in the saw-dust cloud,
Rough through the pile they cut,
Dry wood and green wood,
Reeked from the buck saw's stroke,
Severed and sundered,
Then they came back.

But not, not as they went,
Heels half froze and fingers benumbed,
Ross and McDonald embryo millionaires,
Miller and Holland, two single rickers
Froben and Trow with his wracked
creglases
Crawled back to beans and green tea.
When shall their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
Adjutant and teamster wondered,
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the saw-dust brigade,
Noble rick-builders!

LESSONS OF THE WAR.

Being the Substance of an Address by Commissioner Nicol.

We cannot be indifferent as to what is passing around us. As I came along here to-night, and jumped off the bus at the Elephant, I saw a multitude streaming into the theatre and the great Castle-park, and the dome bidding defiance, as it were, to you and me, caged with the flower of South London's wealth—the working-man—and then I looked at the other two big cin-palaces right opposite, attracting crowds of the same class, and I asked myself the question, "My God; what shall we do?" The answer came to me—"Proclaim war. Hoist the banner higher than ever, of the Gospel of Fighting."

I passed on. I joined you in the ring. You were carrying out, in a small degree, that gospel with what result we see in this hall, on this nineteenth anniversary night. To say the least, it is not satisfactory. Who is to blame? What are the causes of your comparative failure? Let us think, and think as men and women of God, and as individuals. There is a terrible war raging in South Africa, as you know, and as perhaps some of you know to your sorrow. May God, in His infinite wisdom, intervene, and prevent its prolongation. (Fervent amens.) I think that the South African war may teach us, on this anniversary night, some important lessons—lessons which, if we carry out in a right spirit, may largely, if not entirely, help us to grapple with and overcome the difficulties we have to contend with. Remember that this platform knows no politics. We are neither military experts from college, nor from the stuffy back rooms of Fleet St., and yet we have sufficient common sense, I hope, to put two and two together, and pick up a few wrinkles from what is occurring under the burning sun of Africa, among the kopjes and highlands of Natal.

They say that this war was inevitable. It had to be. Well, I don't know. Ours is, anyway. You cannot, if you have the love of Christ in your heart, allow the people to go down to a burning, everlasting, and devil-populated hell without warning them. All around is the enemy of men's homes, health, work, character, and children. The public-houses are full. The theatres are full. The billiard-rooms are full. The gambling clubs are full. This district seethes with wickedness and immorality. The enemy has invaded God's territory and captured, by tens of thousands of tricks and dolges, multitudes who are held fast in their prisons by night and by day. What shall we do? Hope on? Play on? Sing on? Believe on? Yes, yes, yes, by all means! But something more is wanted. They won't come near you; you must go after them. They will not attack you here in this hall; that's quite evident. You must attack them. In other words, you must go to war. (Voices, "Amen—God help us.")

It is admitted that this government of ours under-estimated the character and strength of the foe—the danger of all strong nations. They were too cocksure; they were going to walk over. Instead of which eight thousand of its best men are out of action, and they are as far off victory as they were when the war broke out. Their danger is our danger. We are in danger of treating lightly and flippantly the loss of soldiers, the absence of backsliders, and the lack of people in our houses, and the lack of the bright side of our position—increased finances, finer music, and better organization—and overlooking the growth of pride, indifference, and idleness. Don't, don't, don't contradict me, the leaders of the Army and the glory of your Master, treat these enemies lightly! Xip them in the hind. Attack them in front, in flank, by rifle, shell, and shrapnel, and never rest satisfied while the enemy has the grip of even one soul. (A voice, "Well hit.")

Then, it is admitted by the British generals that their defeats were due to surprise. Methuen, at Magerfontein, admits this. So did Gatacre, at Stormberg, and Buller, at Colenso. They did not expect to discover their opponents hid away among low hills, and behind entrenchments protected by barbed wire, so they walked into traps of death—quite fair, I suppose, according to the rules of civilized warfare! Depend on

it, the most of our soldiers have fallen by surprise. They knew the enemy of Death was in the path, in the fashions, in the smoke, and in places of amusement; but they were taken by surprise when they found that the devil could conceal himself under a red gummy and a Hallehah bonnet. They were offended, discouraged, tempted, and fell. People have been known to fall by a look, a harsh word, a piece of gossip and slander. Very foolish of them, no doubt; but, then, human nature is not strong! It is easily tripped up when you forget to pray, and watch, and guard your soul, and keep it well employed.

Then, I find that the British acknowledge their defeats. The greatest general on the field flashed across the seas, and published to the world, "I regret to say that I have met with a serious re-

QUAINT ILLUSTRATED RHYMES.—No. 4.



Pride decks itself, but soon the charms are past,
And to a skeleton it comes at last.

verse." That was honest, frank, straightforward; but some of you men the clever enough to hide from men the knowledge of your reverses, and losses, and disasters. You smile when you should be weeping; you tell others to go to the point form when you ought to beg with God and with your comrades, friends. If you are wrong, if you have gone down under the temptation to doubt and fear, or by the flesh or mind, come and own up to it all at night. (Amens.)

But the war is to go on, I understand. The Boers have not realized their object, and they are going to fight and pour out to the field of battle their husbands and fathers and sons. The British are to go on, despite the failure of their plans, the loss of generals, capture of troops, and loss of ground, killed and wounded. Parliament will spend money by the million; the Militia has been mobilized; the Reserves have been called to the front, and now the Volunteers are actually on their way to the seat of war. What will happen next no one can tell.

One thing is certain, however—the war is to go on.

So say we all of us to-night about our war. (Loud amens.) It must go on—it will go on. God has called us; humanity needs us. The cries of the widows and orphans, sick and dying, the young and old, the aged and the infirm, and the hungry, starving crowds of the city, with a multitude of people whom no man can number, with guilty consciences, troubled and miserable lives, blasted hopes, and despairing souls, cry, "Show us the way of salvation!" The Army as a whole sets you an example to-night to go forth into this new year with the assurance of victory. The General is with us—resolute, brave, full of hope and life and vigor, and is leaving his sick-room for the front—the grand old man of Christendom, putting to shame the hap, lifeless service which some of you render to God and man.

And the last lesson. We must have reinforcements—reinforcements in the Juniors' hall, the Band of Love, the Young People's Legion; reinforcements for the Corps Cadets, and the lodging-houses, and infirmaries, and homes of

NUGGETS OF GOLD.

We can only live noble lives by acting nobly on every occasion.

The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new ones.

Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven bearing our prayers to the throne of grace.

Nothing will make us more charitable and tender of the faults of others than by thoroughly knowing our own.

OUR BERMUDA LETTER.

Dear Editor,—
At the present time anything from the field of battle seems to interest the people more than anything else, and more especially news from our own comrades, who have been obliged to take up carnal weapons for the defence of their country, so I am sending you some extracts from letters received this week from the Worcester lads, who lately left Bermuda for South Africa.

To the Front!

Corporal Knight writes as follows: "We start to-morrow to join General French's column, and yet I cannot realize that I am in any position of danger; in fact, I sometimes think I'm too unconcerned; but I really hope if anyone is to fall it may be me, and not someone who has not the experience I have of knowing that all's well, both now and for eternity. I shall write you after my first engagement, if I live, and if not, will meet you above." By the way, Corporal Knight was an athlete for 12 years, and had a great struggle to get into the light.

Private John Woodhouse writes: "I shall never forget Bermuda, where I was born again, and shall always thank God for sending me there. We had a nice passage from England to Africa. The commanding officer gave us permission to hold meetings, and twelve souls cried for pardon."

Private Thomas Clark writes: "I thank God I have got a settled experience, though it was hard to leave England without seeing my mother, after being away so many years. However, in the darkness I have learned to trust God. I may be in heaven before you get this."

I have noticed in all their letters the absence of anything in regard to the war or any feeling of enmity, their first and only thought being the Salvation war.

Yours in this war,
Kate Welch, Capt.

Dual Character of Truth.

Truth is often of a dual character, taking the form of a magnet with two poles; and many of the differences which agitate the thinking part of man kind are to be traced to the exclusiveness with which partisan reasoners dwell upon one half of the duality in forgetfulness of the other half. The proper course seems to be to state both halves strongly, and allow each its fair share in the formation of the resultant conviction. But this waiting for the statement of the two sides of a question implies action. It involves a resolution to suppress indignation if the statement of the one half should clash with our convictions, and to repress equally undue elation if the half-statement should happen to chime in with our views. If we adopt a determination to wait calmly for the statement of the whole before we pronounce judgment in the form of either acquiescence or dissent.—Prof. Tyndall.

Soul winning eloquence depends not on words, but on worth.

The General in Yorkshire.

The Theatre Royal at Leeds the Scene of Piercing and Soul-Convicting Truth.

EIGHTY-EIGHT SOULS FOR THE DAY.

SATURDAY'S PREPARATIONS.

There was a conference between the North-Eastern P. O. and his D. O. as to how best the City of Leeds might be made to realize that the General was coming.

The result was that the Salvationists of the city were told off in brigades to do a big bombardment.

A brass band, forty-five strong, swept the main streets on Saturday afternoon, and hundreds of little handbills were given away on the sidewalks. Public-houses were stormed, and their weary occupants invited to come to the Theatre Royal next day and hear the General.

Then at night, after the meetings at the eight corps, of which the city at present boasts, there was another attack on the "late" people, who walk the streets and crowd the theatres until the midnight hour.



SUNDAY MORNING.

After such a bombardment as Leeds had on Saturday, there was no danger that anyone would awaken on Monday morning to find that the General had been to the city and had gone without their knowledge.

Leeds came? And, as a consequence, Leeds came?

"I have spent two of the happiest Sabbaths of my life here, in this old theatre," said the General, as he faced the Sunday morning audience, and felt the warmth of their loving Yorkshire greeting penetrating his breast.

Hope had been deferred. The last Sabbath of the old year was to have seen the General on that stage, but sickness had prevented. Now, the desire had come, and the very memory of past disappointments vanished.

Not very strong, physically, was our dear General. He told us so frankly, and asked our prayers.

But, oh, how unflinching does God fulfil His promises! His strength is best perfected where the need for its support is deepest felt.

Never had we been more surely conscious of God's close presence.

The stalls, boxes, pit, and dress circle held the morning crowd comfortably. Salvationists formed the bulk of the audience, while strangers and outsiders listened from the boxes and dress-circle.

A very large proportion of men were everywhere, which latter fact Colonel Endic explained. "The women are at home cooking dinner." (Hymns are important in Yorkshire.)

The meeting was a purposeful and useful one. Everyone was alive. Grave, thoughtful faces were turned to the General, and

There was no Lack of Responsive Appreciation.

But neither was there any haste to act. The day was before us.

Heaven-hill was turned on full; conscience-hammer came down with sure effect; truth told, and there was visible quailing at its exceeding truthness!

Then, when action was called for, the little waxed hot.

A Rescuer, going to the front in a week's sought salvation. Altogether seventeen decisions were visibly made for the right, and some of them were of vast importance, both to the individuals concerned and to the interest of the Kingdom.



AFTERNOON.

Dinner over, the dim interior of the Theatre Royal again began to brighten and fill. Up, and still up, climbed the crowd, till the giddy heights of the topmost gallery were reached by a party of "some of the roughest lads" the city could send from its four hundred thousand. But they did their city some credit and the General some honor, for they listened attentively, and the seed, we believe, found good ground even in the top gallery.

There was more noise—the Army sergeant-liberty, and the chilly theatre seemed something warmer in the afternoon. Major Cox's ingenuity had been brought to bear on the draughty stage with good effect. His services, as usual, were legion, and to-day included piano accompaniment to Colonel Lawley's solos.

It was a solemn warning the General had to give. He gave it fearlessly, faithfully, personally, and it reached, and held, and convicted.

God wielded His instrument, the people knew it, and were hushed, and heaven bent to witness how for the message would be allowed "free course."

The obedient numbered sixteen. Some were old, some were young; some were women, but more were men.

Two, a father and son, both backsliders, who left the theatre unweaned, went on stage to continue the struggle. But, halloo! here it was time for the night meeting, they yielded and God restored to them the joy of salvation. So the afternoon total must be increased to eighteen.



NIGHT.

It was a pouring wet night. "Will this rain spoil the crowd?" we anxiously wondered, while hurrying again towards the Theatre Royal soon after six o'clock, but not a vacant spot could be seen. It was a lovely crowd—the sort of crowd to which your heart goes out directly, chiefly taken from the class who, in the olden days, heard Jesus gladly.

And after the General began to talk and the doors were shut, a number of late arrivals stood in the rain until 8 o'clock, so that there were as many to press in when the first meeting concluded as there were to leave.

If the General's talk could be put down here, word for word, and you could read it, it would go to your heart and move you deeply.

But if you could have been there and listened and watched him, you would understand how vainly mere written words attempt to tell about that night meeting.

Oh, General, we watched you with our mortal eyes, and noted every movement, and followed every word. And yet we forgot you were weary, forgot you had been ill, forgot to tremble lest you worked too hard. All we felt or knew during that talk was that God had

you, and His light was falling, and His will was being done.

And certain it is that for the time you felt no weariness either; whether in the body, or out of the body, you cared not, if the people only heard the message God had sent them by your lips.

"Hearts are hearts this weary world all over," and whatever sort of coat a man wears, the same key will unlock the heart. That key the General held. "He loves souls. He cares for my soul." Was what every man felt.

The critical moment of the meeting was reached when the General turned to his officers and said, low and forcefully: "Let us all pray. Life or death now; salvation or damnation now; everybody be still as death."

We thought of Moses as the General walked to and fro slowly, holding up his hand and "believing for the next." Our faith followed him, and the victory was with the Lord's host!

Our Messengers remained among us, holding up hands of faith, until nearly 9:30.

Forty-Eight Prisoners were Taken.

and there was a long pause.

But we fought on, and through, and did not retire until fifty captives were registered in the little, long room at the back of the stage, where Major Haugh, Mrs. Major Pointer and others had been busy all day—all had worked, and believed, and been blessed.

And the seekers who mounted the stage and knelt at Christ's feet included all sorts and conditions.

A man with his head plastered up, a little Roman Catholic boy who crossed himself at the baptism font, a girl who had backslidden through an unsaved young man who had walked four miles on purpose to get restored, a public-house billiard-marker who gave up his birth and his pipe to get salvation and will be looked after by Adj. Stokert, a little girl "to be cleansed from all my wicked ways," an old man whose clasped hands trembled as he cried "Lord, help me," and whose tears rained thickly down till the baptism font, a man who had said, "Lord, I believe"—all these were included among the evening's fifty.

And yet how many sad hearts went away! "I am always sorry for sinners," the General had said, "and I am more sorry for those who won't come to God and let Him make them good."

Sin Brings Separation from God.

An age, like an individual, must be judged, not by its temporary characteristics, but in accordance with its distinctive tendencies. Often, when one seems to be retrograding, it is but an episode in a larger advance. If an age is judged by its best products, few periods would surpass the post-war.

Prof. F. K. Sanders, Ph.D.

For modes of faith let graceless zealous fight. His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.—Dryden.

"HOW IT HAPPENED,"

Being a Synopsis of the Social Operations of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America for 1899.



ABOVE is the title of the latest Social Report, just issued from the Army Publishing House.

Even a superficial glance will impress one with the excellence of the booklet. A pale-green cover, with a neatly-designed title printed in brown, produces a pleasing effect, and invites the observer to peruse its contents, which fully justify the reader's anticipation.

An introduction by the forcible pen of the General is prefaced by an excellent full-page photo of our venerable leader. Miss Booth writes a fascinating story, entitled, "Shrimp's All the World to Me." This story, like all her writings, is characterized by its womanly, eloquent, and forcible style.

In "How I Became a Rescue Worker, and Why," Mrs. Read gives us more than an interesting answer to the questions implied in the title.

Our Social Farm, and the work which it is denominated for, is described in an article, "Back to the Land."

"Love's Prevention," deals with our Children's Work, while "Hope Bearers," is a collection of interesting incidents in connection with the work of the League of Mercy.

The Rescue Homes and their accompaniments are excellently depicted in an article by Mrs. Read, "Love's Day-break."

"Society's Derelicts," is a chapter which comprises some telling facts and figures of our Men's Shelters.

A page of songs for meetings, and a service of song, should prove a valuable addition to the sale of this interesting booklet, which is printed on superior paper, and has a large number of well-executed illustrations.

The Annual Balance Sheet is printed for the benefit of all who are interested in an account of the manner in which the Army's income is

The price, fifteen cents, is really quite moderate.

DISASTROUS FIRE

AT THE

Hadleigh Farm Colony.

ESTIMATED DAMAGE, \$5,000.

Early Monday morning fire was discovered to have broken out in the large kitchen of the Land Colony, and before any organized effort could be made to limit its ravages, the flames spread with such terrible rapidity as to completely envelop the adjoining buildings to the north and east of the out-break.

These comprise the dining-hall, capable of accommodating some three hundred men, on the south side of the kitchen, while on the north side were the

Jam Factory, Store, and Butcher's Shop,

and in a remarkably short space of time both wings were a seething mass of flames. The whole of the buildings were constructed of corrugated iron, and lined with match-wood throughout; this rendered the operations of the fire both easy and expeditious, and accounts for the fact that within an hour of the discovery of the outbreak the only thing left to mark the spot, beyond debris, was the chimney shaft of the kitchen boiler, which stood erect in weird solitude, casting its moon-lit shadow over the devastated ruins.

Extraordinary as it may seem, there was not a single article of food-stuffs, cooking utensils, furniture, or table, saved from the fire. Shortly after one o'clock the attention of the watchmen on night duty was directed to something unusual, and on his discovering that

It was Fire,

he immediately gave an alarm, rousing Mr. Cruikshank, the second in charge of the Home Department, and then proceeded to the house of the Home Superintendent. A messenger speedily conveyed the intelligence to the Governor, Colonel Lamb, who was on the scene of the disaster within the space of half-an-hour of the first alarm. Mr. Cruikshank, who was on the spot within two minutes of the watchman's calling him, at once endeavored to force an entrance into the dining hall by smashing a window; but this only revealed the fact that the fire had already obtained complete mastery inside, and the aperture thus made simply acted as a fan to the flame. Attention was next directed to the jam factory, which was surrounded by a danger-frustrated all attempts at rescue. Within a few yards stood a large kitchen boiler enveloped in the flames to such an extent that at any moment it might burst. On the other hand there were large quantities of jam, which, as they were being

Rosted in the Flames,

were exploding in all directions; consequently it was with great difficulty that the crowd of Colonists, which by this time had assembled, could be kept sufficiently clear to be out of danger.

The large kitchen was in serious jeopardy, and this also was completely demolished; the building was just ready to be tilted up with the necessary cooking appliances.

In close proximity were some sheds and stables, whose two horses had to be removed to a place of safety; but the fire was, fortunately, kept from attacking these buildings.

By 2:30 all danger of further extension had disappeared, and Colonel Lamb was conferred with the problem of how to provide breakfast for some two hundred men out of nothing! There wasn't even

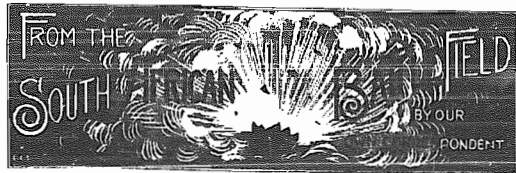
A Tenspoon Rescued

from the fire. A brief concert ensued, and messengers were sent hither and thither to collect the necessary utensils and food. The driver of one cart, who went to Southend for bread, had a lively time of it, picking up his horse some five times on the way. The road was one continuous sheet of glass.

The large retirement-room in the vicinity of the Castle was speedily converted into a dining-hall, and by 6:15 a.m. the usual breakfast-hour—we were supplied with every commodity necessary for the whole of the men, who sat down to a meal just as if nothing had happened.

The damage is estimated at \$5,000, and is covered by insurance.

Where is fear and sorrow, wisdom cannot dwell.—Lactantius.



NEWS OF, AND LETTERS FROM, VARIOUS OFFICERS AND COMRADES WORKING THERE.

I.

PRIVATE YOUNG, MAFKING,
Late of Regent Hall.

This comrade was formerly a soldier of the Regent Hall Corps, and upon his arrival at Cape Town became actively associated with No. 1 Corps. He is now serving with the Town Guard at Mafeking. Lately, however, he has been doing much useful service in the Mafeking corps. In a letter addressed to Capt. Quartermaster, and which has been something like two months travelling to its destination here at Cape Town, having first been received at Bulawayo from Mafeking by native runner, via armored train to Mochudi, and thence through perils of land and water to Cape Colony, Comrade Young says:

"I am glad to be able to inform you that we are all well. God truly has been with us, and His protecting hand is upon us, for which we, the soldiers of the Mafeking corps, give Him our heartfelt thanks. Since writing you on Oct. 27, which I trust you got without delay, I have not yet come to hand our barracks has had a misfortune, in the shape of

A Shell from the Boers.

It entered the roof and burst inside, totally wrecking the whole place. The organ and your boxes were unharmed. There were some articles of furniture destroyed. . . . We had knee-drill this morning, and we met again this evening. Kindest regards from us all to Lieutenant and yourself. We pray that the time will speedily come when you can return."

Our Mafeking comrade amid the shot and shell falling around, has evidently no fear. Salvation puts an end to it all, as he well shows in the following simple verse, which closes his epistle—

"A blessed thing it is to feel
The power of sin forgiven;
A glorious thing it is to have
A title clear for heaven."

—|||—
II.

ENSIGN SCOTT, MODDER RIVER.

Yet another letter from Modder River Camp, where Major Swain and Ensign Scott are assisting in a host of duties. The latter writing in the absence of the Major, during his visit to the Congress, says:

"Just a week ago I got permission from Lord Methuen to hold open air in the Camp itself, and during the week we managed to put in two, it being impossible to hold one every night, as the late very often have their duties, such as twelve hours' picket or reserve picket, and fatigues. Last night especially did we have a glorious time. Quite a hundred men listened as we sent forth the word of life, which we believe shall not return void. I fully realize that

Our Opportunities are Unfinitied.

and pray that God may help me to use them to the best advantage for His Kingdom. On New Year's Day a young lad of the Black Watch made his example. Many many more follow his example. The lad was dedicated in the Salvation Army, and his mother is a soldier of Dundee, as he himself was until he enlisted, when he went wrong."

—|||—
III.

A DESCRIPTION OF CAMP LIFE.

The camp of the Third Division of the British Army is at present at Sterkspruit, and here Lieut. Warwicker is bravely fighting on as a Salvation Army officer. In a report just to hand he says:

"Our meetings in camp since last writing have been characterized by large crowds, perfect attention, and fresh light received. Although we cannot boast of any visible results, yet the seed is sown, and in time to come will blossom forth.

During visitation and personals I have some dozens backsliders, relatives of Salvationists, Staff Officers' schoolmasters, and others interested in the good old Army. The troops have been very kind to us, cooking as we need it, and helping domestically. Our Leaders in camp have some difficulty in attending officers and tent prayer meetings, owing to war necessitating them always being on hand ready for an emergency. They are well saved and have no fear. We have to use discretion in holding our meetings in order to sandwich them between the camp clocks (bells) which have to be

and used to play in our hand. He was called up at the commencement of the war—Yours obediently, E. J. Hanogan, Bandmaster."

"My dear Father and Mother, I am just writing you a few lines to let you know I am at present quite well. I am very glad to tell you that all has gone off all right up to now. I have been in one battle already, at Estcourt, on Nov. 22nd.

"It was a long, trying fight. My regiment took part in it, but we were very lucky, we never lost a man. The West Yorkshire Regiment was with us, also the East Surrey. The West Yorks lost fifteen men killed, and there were about forty others wounded. The fight lasted from daylight until four o'clock in the afternoon. The Boers had several big guns, and we had a few shells come among us, but they were harmless, they did not hurt anyone. One dropped not far from me; it went off bang, and there was a lot of smoke and mud, and that was all the damage done.

"Today is Sunday, and I have been to open-air church. It was the biggest open-air I have ever been to. General Buller is here with us, he is a grand soldier! There are plenty of troops in this camp, and we are going to relieve Ladysmith.

The Boers have upset the railway, so

steadily, as if nothing had happened. There was a lot shot all around where I was. The bullets kept coming around me, but not one of them touched me. We started out at 3 a.m., and as soon as it got daylight the firing began, and got hotter as the day wore on. I was in the firing line, and there was a big river which we could not cross, and we had to fall back, and that was a fearful time for us; I shall never forget it. The sun was very hot that day; it made it much worse for us. General Buller was with us in the very thickest of the fight.

He is a Brave Soldier!

I can trust him as a General. There was not a man afraid; on we went until the order was given to fall back. It is no easy thing to get to Ladysmith, for the enemy is entrenched between us and them, and they want a lot of getting out. I shall never forget how fired I was after Colenso. I was so stiff the next day I could hardly walk, but I do not mind roughing it a bit for the dear old land. We have open-air meetings nearly every night, and I can tell you we have some happy times.

—|||—
VI.

STAFF-CAPTAIN CLACK, TRANSVAAL.

We have further news from Staff-Capt. Clack, of the Transvaal, concerning himself and other Salvationists. He informs us that, at the time of writing, Ensign White and Adj. Ferreira, some are still in Pretoria, conducting meetings as often as possible. Adj. Ferreira, Jan. had left to join the ambulance section of the Boer forces at Dunderpoort. Our comrades at Dunderpoort seem to be still alive. The Staff-Captain reports a visit he paid them, and a meeting conducted.

Again we have encouraging news from Capt. Williams, of Bulawayo, who, amidst great darkness and loneliness, is bravely fighting on. Kimberley is still a blank, but we have a good hope that all our officers—probably in danger—are well in body and soul. It will be a relief indeed to obtain tidings from these unfortunate comrades.

—|||—
VII.

LIEUT. WARWICKER.

"As thy day so shall thy strength be." Thank God, we ourselves have proved the truth of these words in our work among the troops! "Progress" has been our watchword since last writing the War Cry. Our surroundings are stamped with earnestness, and the troops are eager to hear the Truth; they show it in their faces. Our daily visits to the sick and wounded are blessed times. How the poor fellows listen to God's word—so bright and cheerful, others hating their heads, with minds, no doubt, wandering back to their homes and godly parents! We talk, read, testify, and pray with them. We also freely distribute what few Crys we have. Oh, what a novel, as never before, for Army Literature!

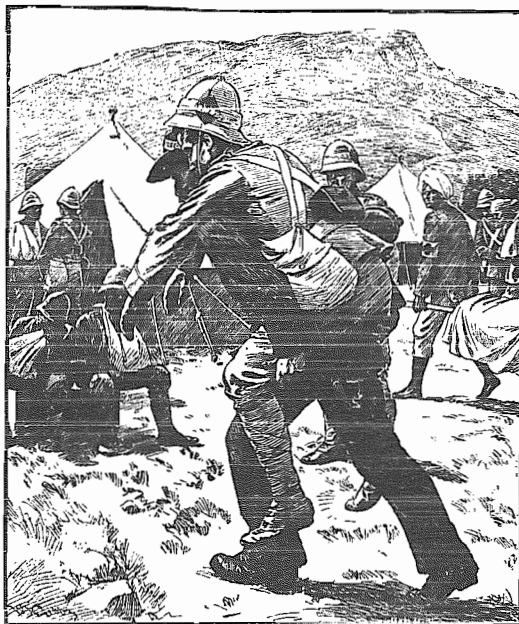
Some Treat Their Wounds Very Lightly

and even seem pleased and proud to carry a mark, as proof of loyalty to the cause and country. Speaking to a batch of sick and wounded, which have just come into hospital from the mountains, one says he has not eaten any food for seven days, another that he has been ill for twenty-one days, being continually wet through for want of shelter. Their looks verified their statements.

I might fill pages with accounts of bravery told by the poor fellows. One told me to-day that a soldier cannot feed for others till he is on his own death-bed. He, I find, is an exception.

Where is Your Home?

Home is a place where a man's heart dwells. It may be called by other names, or a race-track, or an office, but, if that is where a man's whole heart is centred, that is his home. How well we know that, if a man's heart comes to rest trustfully in us and children, then where they are becomes his home! No thing will make his home cease to be his home but their departure from it. Even so when our hearts come to rest in God, and our thoughts delight in turning to Him, then the heaven becomes our home, God's dwelling becomes our habitation. And when we learn to see that God is the beauty of the world, and that God is the tenderness of our human love, and that God is the inspiration of good work and of true thought, as well as the joy of heavenly contentment, then shall we learn in the world, in our households, in our labor, and in our heavenly homes, always and everywhere to be at home in God.



THE SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS CARRIED WOUNDED SOLDIERS ALL DAY.
(From the London War Cry.)

obeyed at all cost. Thunderstorms have been very frequent of late, the rain having flooded and saturated the tent and myself. Having only a khaki suit with me, I have had to stand around the camp fire the next morning to put things right. Some of the troops have fared worse than myself, having sought refuge in our tent during the night—

A Tent Well Ventilated.

and far from waterproof. But, amid all our difficulties, God is good and overbalances all our little troubles with His goodness. Personally speaking, He has given me many victories and blessings."

—|||—
IV.

PRIVATE NEWMAN, FRERE CAMP,
Late of Croydon I.

The following extracts from Private Newman, late handman of Croydon I., now with the 2nd Queen's Regiment in South Africa, were, through the kindness of Bro. Newman, sent by the handmaster of Croydon I.

He writes: "Serge. Newman, his wife, two daughters, and one son, are soldiers of this corps, and one daughter is a Field Officer. The son, copies of whose letters I enclose, was an Army Reserve man.

we have to make it good as we go. I must also tell you that I have seen some of the Salvation

Army Lassos Out Here.

and that they are a grand people. I trust that you will stick to the dear old Army, and I pray that God may bless everyone that bears its name. Give my best love to my beloved wife. God bless her! I am very sorry that this job has happened.

"I have had a few letters from my dear wife, and she seems to me to worry a good deal. I wish I could help to stop that, for, under the care of Him Who has all power, I am just as safe in South Africa as I am in my own house. Please tell her there are lots of Christian men in our Regiment.

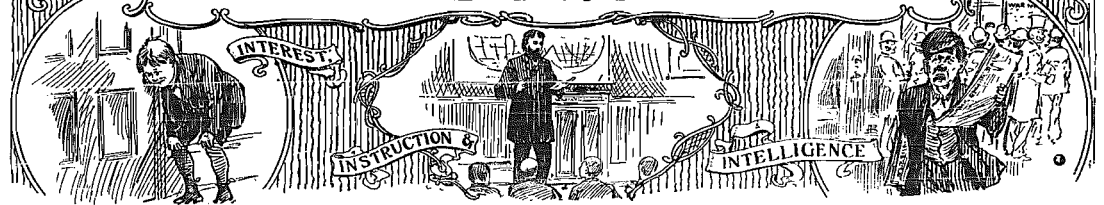
"We are doing just as well as anyone could expect to do on this job. Plenty to eat and drink, and that goes a long way in war time."

—|||—
V.

FROM CHIEVELY CAMP

We were in a very tight place on the 15th of December. It will never be forgotten. It simply hailed bullets, while the Boer big guns banged away at us. Our men faced it quite coolly and

THE SOLDIERS' BUREAU



Terse Topics.

THE CHILDREN'S CHANCE.

This is one of the most important weeks of all the Siege: in fact, there is a sense in which it may be considered the most important of all. During the last few years of the Army's history, our work amongst the children has taken tremendous strides. We are coming more than ever to see and feel that the great hope for the future of this world's redemption lies in the salvation of the children. At all costs their feet must be led into holy ways, their hearts kept unpolluted from sin's stains, and their prattling voices early lent to the songs and speech of heaven. As Salvation soldiers who have sworn to God and our own hearts to risk everything to win mankind for our Master, we cannot afford ever to think lightly of our opportunities for reaching the children. The Siege offers us a splendid chance to bless and save the little ones—let us seize it to the full. It may be hard to save the child, but it will be ten times harder to save the man. Prevention is better than cure in the service of God and the lost as in all other undertakings.

A Solitary Soldier's Story.

II.

"A plain little book" (not worth sixpence, the holder thought contemptuously) and with that peculiar crested motto, "Blood and Fire," stamped thereon, the title was clear, "The Doctrines and Discipline of the Salvation Army," and "Doctrines" circulated Mrs. Hargraves; "I never knew they had any."

But she was interested, despite her strong wish not to be. Rachel's mother had many theological doubts, and when she caught sight of a chapter dealing with one of these vexed questions, she could not refrain from scanning every word. A sort of longing crept up into the steel-grey eyes as she finished reading those simple declarations and explanations of faith.

"Perhaps, after all, I've misjudged Him," she murmured, the tears in her eyes; "the heart of God is larger than I thought."

A rattle of chairs overhead warned her that the afternoon's class, and her afternoon's quiet had alike terminated. On the stairs she met Rachel just leaving with the girls. She glanced in some surprise at the little red book in her mother's hand.

"It is your Salvation creed-book, Rachel—may I keep it an hour or two? It has put a new aspect on some of my difficulties."

"Keep it as long as you like, mother darling."

The girl was too astonished to say more. In the privacy of her own room she began to rejoice and reproach herself in the same breath.

"How beautiful! Mother's been poring over those theological treatises for years, and they haven't solved her problems—they didn't mine! Thank You, Jesus! But oh, how fallible I've been! I was more afraid for the offence that the simplicity of my little D. D. book would give, than for the more numerous objections of my Crys. Jesus, help me to believe for big things, and make me brave, and bring them nearer!"

Rachel pinned on a bright blue brooch (which had also come in the parcel from Headquarters) and went down to tea singing—

"I'm trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God."
God was having His own way, she thought, and it was very pleasant.

III.

"I do my best, but the village cramps me, Church, and squire, and everybody are against me—I can gain for the Army no foothold here. God calls me to the front. I'm not at all clever, but I'm a soldier longing to be under other orders than my own. Take me!"

So Rachel pleaded with Headquarters, and the answer came in the form of her Candidates' papers. Prayerfully they were signed with her mother's reluctant consent (the prospect of necessity for Pauline Schmidt gave no pleasure now), and Rachel waited.

She was counting her bundle of War Crys—for she still took them, though the villagers were unfriendly as ever, and she sold but few—when the postman brought her a letter stamped with the well-known crest.

"Can it be the marching orders they spoke of, so soon?" she wondered, as she carried it to the twilight-lit window and eagerly unfolded the sheet. The expectancy died out of her eyes as she read down the page. It was kindly worded, but its meaning cruelly clear. Headquarters had considered the matter, but in view of her extreme delicacy of health it was not thought advisable to accept her.

The letter dropped from Rachel's fingers. She was rejected! In that great crisis of her life she glanced on the quiet scene of her childhood's years; was it to be the scene of her life-work, too? The blacksmith was leaving over his half-door. At sight of little Rachel's lips parted in a sorrowful little smile.

"The torment of Hexton's penance and quiet!" that was the doctor's verdict. I stopped with the Crys at the sunlit door last week. Ah, Williams, the 'torment' is not going to leave Hexton after all."

"Symptoms of consumption already there," had been the doctor's verdict. Shut-I must die soon, though I live this then—upon opportunity—forsaken life till I'm laid in that quiet churchyard."

Suddenly there flashed before her mental vision the brilliant lettering of the motto of her spiritual birthplace—"Let God have His own way with you." The remembrance proved as oil upon the sorely-troubled waters of her soul. Contrition smote her—she sank on her knees.

"Lord, forgive me!" she murmured. "Have it Thy way—however dark. I can't understand why, but Thou dost."

An hour later Rachel was descending the stair, her eyes still tearful, but shining and serene. A noise in the hall arrested her. The vicar was just taking leave.

"Ah, Mrs. Hargraves," she heard him say. "Things have been dragging a little of late, and depraved men like Masters have neglected the church for the (ahem!) excuse me—the Horse and Hunter. Life, my dear lady—life is what this village wants. Wait till these highly-instructive dramatic entertainments in the church-room are commenced. The church itself won't be long in filling. I wish we could only persuade your daughter to —"

Rachel heard no more, not even her mother's depreciative reply. Her cheeks were burning with righteous indignation, which made her put away her disappointment.

"And I said there was no opportunity!" she whispered. "Now, Lord, give me courage. Those dramatic entertainments shall not satisfy the villagers' souls."

If the vicar could have seen the effect of his words!

(To be continued.)

What a Soldier Should Know

The Army's Belief on Eternal Punishment.

The Army believes in eternal punishment, and teaches it continually, for the following reasons:

1. Because it sincerely believes that Christ taught it in unobscuring and lurid language.

2. Nowhere in the Bible does it find that reformation after death is made possible.

3. We have no right to expect, love, mercy, and compassion at the expense of God's justice and righteousness.

And that the Army is content with such belief is evidenced by the desperate earnestness for saving the people from hell, exhibited by its officers and soldiers. Many in its ranks, as well as elsewhere, have been awakened to a sense of danger by our consistency on this point.

The Army's Teaching on Hellness.

The Army teaches that the ideal which all truly-saved people aim at, of loving God with all your heart, and soul, and might, is perfectly attainable through the almighty power of Christ. Who is able so to destroy all in us that is contrary to His will, and so to preserve us by His Spirit, that He may indeed be King of our life. But perhaps the most striking feature of the Army's hellness teaching is the continued insistence upon absolute self-sacrifice for others. The Army does not favor retirement into a beautiful, heavenly life for its own sake, but entire devotion to God, that He may have full use of all our powers for His war. The strength of the Army anywhere is in proportion to the number of its people who have ceased to care for any interest of their own.

What is a Real Love for Souls?

It should mean that the soldier will give up any situation, home, or position: will face any sort or amount of opposition or suffering, and will dare to carry out any plan, however strange and contrary to his own liking, or that of anybody else, in order to get at those who are afar off from God and from every good influence, and to bring them to true repentance and salvation. It should mean giving up extra early, and staying in and out extra late, not only attending to the end of every possible meeting, but making all sorts of efforts, apart from meetings, known only to God, in order to force upon careless souls attention to the voice of God.

How to Account for Backsliders.

The number of backsliders from the Army are not more than those from other organizations, though they are easier detected for the following reasons:

1. The nature of our organization, entailing as it does such aggressive, self-denying warfare, makes the existence of secret backsliders almost impossible.

2. The great majority of our people are so honest and childlike that, when they feel they are not willing to obey all the dictates of their consciences, they acknowledge their faultiness at once to all who know them.

3. Most conversions come from a class which has not yet been trained in firmness, and endurance, and steadfastness; therefore, their natural, as well as their spiritual, character, makes it easy for them to slip back.

This is Christ's idea of His holy religion: It is to make men like God, corresponding to Him, answering to Him. To think as God thinks—that is to be God within the mind, to will as God wills—that is, to love God with all the heart; to do what God commands—that is, to love God with all the strength.

TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow," said the father to his child,
"Is like the rainbow that you cannot catch?"
And then, methinks, he'd add, in accent-mild,
"No human hand can lift to-morrow's latch—"

Our eyes may ne'er behold its rising sun,
Its light may ne'er within our sight appear,

Like he who once did t'ward the rainbow run,
And found to be far off, what seemed so near."

To-morrow is to us a God-locked door,
And He alone has keeping of its key.
We never know, when one day's work is o'er,

Where really we shall in the morning be,
Then, oh, how we should strive to do the right,

How necessary that we should be true,
That when we rest our tired head at night,
All may be well, whate'er God wills to do.

To-morrow is not ours. We've but to-day,
Nay, we've but now, this very moment, now.

Ere we've the chance another word to say,
We may be called in death our head to bow.

Oh, then, should we not now be careful more,
Our life indeed is but a narrow span,
And ere we view the opening of death's door,

We want to do—we must do—all we can
Can speak like this to you, oh, friend of mine,
He is the Father, and you are the child.

If wayward yet, your all just now resign
To Jesus Christ, so merciful and mild,
For hearts are hungering after something true,
And if you will but tread the God-marked way,

The world shall better be for knowing you,
Then do it, not to-morrow, but to-day.
—Albert Tristram.

Mr. Beecher's Sarcasm was Effective

In the Plymouth congregation there was at one time a woman who was a heart and a stiff manner of speaking. Her long-drawn-out full discourses wearied the congregation. But Mr. Beecher was patient. At last he, too, reached the limit of endurance, and one evening when she sat down, after talking nearly half an hour, he arose, and in his deep tones said slowly: "Nevertheless, I still believe in women speaking in meetings." She spoke no more.

God knows our need before we ask. There is no prayer for? Not to inform Him, nor to move Him, unwilling to have mercy, as if like some proud prince He required a certain amount of recognition for His greatness as the giver of His favors. But to fit our hearts by conscious need and true desire and dependence to receive the gifts which He is ever willing to give, but which we are not always willing to receive. As St. Augustine has it, "The empty vessel is, by prayer, carried to the free fountain."—Rev. Alex. McLaren, D.D.



IN THEIR STEPS

OR WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE ME DO?

THE SECRET OF SPIRITUAL SUCCESS

BY ADJUT. PHILLIPS, JAMAICA

CHAPTER IV.

When the Salvation Army came and took over our mission, I need hardly say that a great deal of interest was aroused in our little community. Some who never went to a religious meeting, were determined to come and see what "the Army" was like.

There had been so many conflicting statements. Some said they were the best of people; some that they were the worst; some said that they were mad; others said they were wiser than the wisest. Some said that they were going to upset and break down the churches, and some that they were the church's brightest hope, and that both agencies could walk alongside of each other to mutual advantage.

Now the people were coming to see for themselves, and to form their own opinions. We anticipated a crush, so took down a side of our building, and erected a kind of shed over the yard. Bro. White and myself soon fixed up some seats with boards we borrowed for the purpose, and as the weather was dry and warm, we were as satisfied and proud as if we'd got a fine church at our disposal.

We were delighted to see our old Major amongst us once more. He had not changed. The same longing, loving look seemed to peep from his heart through his eyes. His face "shone" with the light and yet his features made him humble, not proud; as willing to talk to the smallest child as the biggest man—and sometimes none so.

He brought with him—not in a carriage, for they had walked several miles—two Salvation Army buses, Captain Emily Rose and Lieut. Redstone. These were to be placed in charge of the work, for the Major was only spending three days with us.

It is not my intention to describe at any length the opening meetings. About sixteen came out for the blessing in the morning, and, after a hard fight, one poor woman sought salvation in the afternoon.

I must not forget to mention that our minister actually accepted an invitation that was sent to him to attend our afternoon meeting, and was there. We were all so glad to see him. Somehow he commanded people's love. That was how it was so hard for me to "give him up." In fact, before the "greater light" came, I used to lean upon him, perhaps, more than I should. God knocked away that "spiritual prop," as He has many before and since for Christians all over the world.

He was not quiet himself to-day, however. A restless look about his eyes betrayed the fact that he was not heartily in sympathy with our movement, as his presence would seem to imply. But he prayed with us, and for us, before he left, and spoke a few words of encouragement to the female officers, inviting them, at the same time, to call upon his wife when they visited the town.

At the night meeting, which took place a couple of hours later, we had two striking testimonies, which I will reproduce.

Said Will Fern: "You all know me: a rough and tough fellow as never pretended to have any religion for as far back as I can remember, from I was a tricked kid. I was not only born in sin, like other people, but I grew up in it too—and seemed to thrive on it in a measure. Some people serves the devil off and on, and as and come, but I pretended myself to be there's hardly a sin I wasn't guilty of, burin' out murder, and I've done that in my heart. If some of you had the home training as I had, you might have grown up like me. I need hardly say that that religion wasn't in my line. I never went to church, and never said no prayers. Drinking and gambling was my Bible and hymn-book. If it wasn't for one or two brothers that is here, I would have been on the road to hell to-day, or might

have been inside, for I was going down hill without any brake on. I remember one ministerial bloke astoppin' afore my confusin' one day, when I was smoking the little black devil that I chucked away when I got converted, an' he sees to me, ses he, 'Good-mornin!' I nods my head in reply, for I sowed he was a minister. Ses he again, 'My dear good mornin, why don't you come to the church sometimes?' And then I took the pipe out of my mouth, for my own convenience, and I ses to him, 'Why don't the church come to me?' So he never said nothink, but slinked away. I toll you what, friends, I got too much of a big devil, and more than Mary Magdaster ever had, to be converted by the likes o' him. An' I could see from the way his kid gloves fitted him, an' the odor of perfume, that he'd not care to be seen a-walkin' along the narrow road with the likes o' me! Come to Jesus—but don't think I'm goin' to shake hands with you! Come to Jesus—but sit on poverty hook at the bottom of the church! Come to Jesus—but my lips must touch the cup afore yours! Come to Jesus—and bow

statement—I means ornament—she is to me to-day, an' to all of us, an' to God! I thank the Lord for her, an' her smile as cheers me when the devil worries me, an' her faith as never gets dim! An' I thank Him for this mission, and for the Salvation Army as He has sent along to strengthen it. I was one o' them as joined the church down the town, an' they put me to sit on poverty bench as a curiosity! I was gettin' chilled, an' tired o' bein' patronized by a lot o' gentle folks; but I'm glad o' the fire as has warmed me up, an' keeps me red-hot for God. I'm believin' it will spread, even into the church by-and-bye, an' so I ses, Praise God for everything. Amen!"

(To be continued.)

League of Mercy Notes.

From Guelph, where weekly services are conducted in the General Hospital and County Jail, Sergt.-Major Mrs. Dawson writes:—

"We are having good times both in the Hospital and the Jail. One poor soul professed to find God. Captain Keyser is a good help, and you know he sings and plays his guitar beautifully. The first time he went with us to the Hospital we had a grand time, there was weeping on almost every hand. That good old song, 'Jesus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,' went with a swing. One of the

Captain sing and play, and for half-an-hour they stood outside in the cold and heard our music.

—|||—

Ensign Moss, in charge of the League in Spokane, tells us:—

"We are having good meetings at the Jail. The inmates are always glad to see us and listen to all we have to say. I enjoy going to the Jail. We do have some lovely times, and the officers are always willing to do what they can to help us. Just as soon as we can we will visit the Hospitals, for a long time past they have been full of small-pox cases. We have been surrounded with it."

—|||—

Sergt.-Major Mrs. Beale, of St. Catharines, writes:—

"We had a lovely meeting in the Jail Thursday afternoon. There are three prisoners, and they seemed to enjoy the service. I went down to the Hospital this week; they are quite willing that we should go there."

—|||—

From Kingston, where the League is visiting regularly various institutions, we conduct a quarterly meeting in the Penitentiary. Sergt. Major Mrs. Conyngham, in speaking of the last one, says:—

"We had our quarterly meeting in the Penitentiary. Ensign Ward was in charge. The men enjoyed it. I have been to see a man in the penitentiary who was dying. Christ was his All."

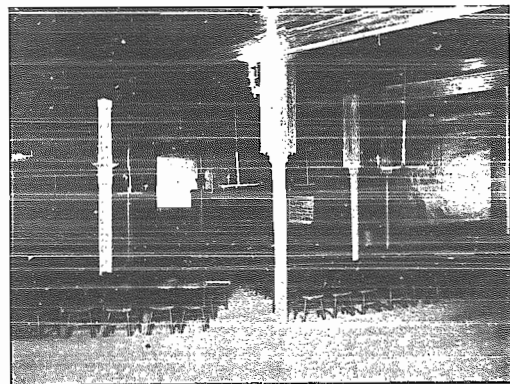
—|||—

From Peterboro, Sergt.-Major Mrs. Conmstock sends the following:

"We visited the jail on the 15th, and had a real salvation meeting. Ten men came out and cried like children. One was the man I wrote about who was arrested. He is still here. We had a public League meeting in the barracks on the 15th. Everybody seemed to enjoy the meeting, and we had a good crowd. Mrs. Burditt has been helping us at the jail and the Old Folks' Home. I think our work is pulling up. We need six members that we can rely on who will feel responsible. I don't want any place to be neglected. It is a long walk to the hospital each time, and I feel it rather much, but they look for us and are very kind. We expect to have a meeting at the Orphan's Home next week. I am beginning to feel God is blessing our efforts, and He is teaching me many lessons through the League work."

Wisely Using Silence.

While the Scriptures put the sins of omission among the worst and most damning, they also hint to us that our best services may be those of omission as well. This is true, especially of omitting to use our tongues when it is wise and magnanimous to keep silent. Every man can recall instances in which he said what made him bite his tongue afterwards. But how seldom have we needed to be ashamed of silence under provocation! "I have observed many," says Ambrose, "who, by speaking, have fallen into sin; scarcely one who has fallen by silence." We never fail by being silent for ourselves and our rights, but we must avoid silence when God and the truth require speech.



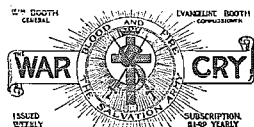
THE JUBILEE HALL
(Showing the increase in height of ceiling.)

and scrape to me, while I paternizes you! My friends, this isn't that sort of religion as Jesus Christ brought into the world, or the Philistines wouldn't have crucified Him! An' this ain't the sort as can win the likes o' Will Fern, an' some o' you. (Cries of "Amen!") But when this brother here—as I've heard comes from where the sun never stops shinin'—an' this other one as I'm a-pointin' to, comes along to my cottage, an' ain't too proud to shake my fist, an' calls me brother, an' pleads with me to give up my sinful life, an' let the Good Shepherd, what they said was a-lookin' for me, find me—I seed they was not froth, neither was they doin' it for a livin', as some is. Mind you, I don't say as how I give in all at once. My old taskmaster had me too long an' too tight for that. But they never baited me, but comes back as reglar as clock-work. Sometimes I seed tears a-comin' in their eyes wen I up an' tells 'em it wasn't no use, as I was too hardened. But they wouldn't give in—not they. Neither would me, nor my missus. Till one day they starts a singin' about a little girl as was dyin', an' wanted her father to give his heart to God afore she went. And then I remembered my little 'un as died, an' I gets down on my knees, an' gives up myself, an' asks the Lord to have mercy on me. An' do you know how the answer come? I was a-singin' and prayin' when I took a drop of warm water drop on my hand. It was a tear out o' de eye o' one on 'em, but it minded me of a drop of Christ's blood, an' just then the burden o' my sins rolled away. Glory be to God! Yes, my friends, an' after they gets me converted they follers up my missus till she gives up too; an' you knows what a bright

patients told me since that they all sing it. Two weeks ago, when we reached them, one nurse came to us and said, 'Sing, 'No, not one.' We were hurried into St. Andrew's Ward, and the nurse came to us and asked if we would mind going over to the window and singing as a nurse in the diphtheria ward, who could not get in, wanted to hear the



VIEW OF THE TEMPLE AUDITORIUM.
(The Gallery is not shown in this photograph.)



Published for the Evangelical Society, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the South-Western and Central Canada, by John M. C. H. H. at the Salvation Army Publishing House, 101 Queen Street, Toronto, Ont.

All communications relative to the contents of the WAR CRY, communications for publication in its pages, or inquiries about the paper, should be addressed to the Editor, Toronto, Ont.

All communications on matters relating to subscriptions, donations, and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, 101 QUEEN ST. E., TORONTO, ONT.

All cheques, P. O. and Express orders should be made payable to EVANGELICAL SOCIETY.

Advertisements to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Name, name and address, please.

All advertisements, unless otherwise stated for publication, can be cut at the rate of one cent per line, per two columns, if enclosed in unopened envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

The Siege.

We have so often dwelt on the great importance of seeing the salvation of the children that we scarcely need to repeat the oft-used arguments in its favor. The children MUST be saved. Why should sin first wreck the life full of promise, and rob childhood of its charm of innocence, in order that we, at great cost, might save the prodigal after he has tasted the bitterness that fingers at the bottom of sin's enticing cup? It seems like sending armies in the battlefield to shoot and cripple each other, and afterwards send ambulance corps and hospital supplies to nurse and heal them. When thousands have been killed, wounded, crippled, and disabled for life, and irreparable damage has been done to lives and homes, peace is concluded under conditions that might have been obtained without all that frightful sacrifice and suffering. Let us save the child in his young day, and so find the quickest and surest way of saving the world. The child for God means the future of the world for God.

The General.

With pleasure we report in this edition more fully the Yorkshire meetings of the General, as the best evidence of our venerable leader's recuperated strength. During his recent illness, which proved to be more serious than at first anticipated, prayers have ascended from thousands and tens of thousands of hearts, we believe, on his behalf, for we who know and love him, would consider his loss nothing short of a calamity to this world. May he be spared yet many years to us.

COMMISSIONER HOWARD INTERVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

"A well-balanced combination of Law and Grace," was the impression the writer received when first seeing and hearing the Army's Foreign Secretary, of International Headquarters. He believes in discipline and preaches the Gospel of Roundless Grace.

The limited stay of Commissioner Howard at our Canadian Headquarters was an crowded with business that the only chance to gain an interview presented itself during the few minutes preceding the departure of the New York Express from Toronto.

With characteristic courtesy the Commissioner submitted to an informal interview, while walking up and down the station platform during a refreshing east wind at several degrees below zero.

Coming to the Queen City, the weather department had arranged for a thaw, with rain on Saturday to remind our guest of "home, sweet home." He thought that he had been misinformed

about our Canadian winter weather, but ere the Sabbath morn dawned he had a fair sample of a snow-storm and a low temperature (6° below zero). During Monday the weather underwent several changes, so, on the whole, Commissioner Howard had

"A Box of Samples

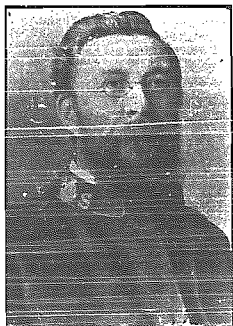
of Canadian climate in winter," as he tersely expressed it.

"And your impression of Canada's wing of the great Salvation Army?"

"Well, I think," replied the Foreign Secretary cautiously, but with real warmth of feeling, "that I had so little opportunity to learn to know you, your rank and file, and your people in general, that I could scarcely make a sweeping answer; but I feel if I could stay longer with you I should learn to love you very much."

"And our beloved General? Has his recent illness left him entirely?" We were all much concerned about our veteran leader," we queried.

"The General was scarcely entirely well, but well enough to be to the front again, when I left England."



COMMISSIONER HOWARD,
Foreign Secretary of International Headquarters.

"Will he come to see his Canadian troops this year?"

"Sincerely during the current year, but very likely during 1901, if it pleases God," replied the Commissioner.

In further conversation he spoke enthusiastically about the Chief of the Staff and his incessant devotion to the ever-increasing business of administration of our world-wide Army, and continued:

"International Headquarters is all alive, its officers are patterns of self-sacrificing and capable men of God, whose one aim it is to bring their respective departments up to the

Highest Standard of Efficiency.

"Evidences of the Field Commissioner's energy and toil are seen on every hand, in the excellent spirit prevailing among the officers and the advances in every branch of work under her jurisdiction."

One can easily see that the staid Commissioner has almost a parental affection and regard for Miss Booth, or perhaps looks upon her with the devotion and tenderness of an older brother.

Mrs. Howard is the mother of five children. The eldest is now Chief Secretary of Denmark.

While the Commissioner's train was for a few minutes delayed, he pleasantly exchanged a few words of friendly chat with the Staff-Officers who had come to see him off.

One officer remarked under his breath smilingly, "I hope the Commissioner will never send me out of Canada," whereupon the Editor enquired of the Foreign Secretary what he would do with such a Staff-Officer.

"Tall that officer," Commissioner Howard replied.

"Beside the Path of Duty Flows the River of Grace."

We pass this beautiful sentence on to all our comrades.

But trains leave quickly, and the signal of departure was sounding, when I asked for a message to be sent to the troops of the Territory, who were less

privileged than the Toronto rank and file.

"Till my precious comrades throughout this country of distances, the incident of the Salvationist who fell on the battlefield of South Africa. His officers had fallen beneath the deadly hail of bullets when he, the Sergeant, sprang to the front and cried, 'A Company! Prepare to meet your God!'"

"Forward! Charge!"

The bell rang, the Commissioner mounted the carriage steps and soon the iron steed bore him away from us, back to his desk at 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, Eng.

But the blessings, encouragement, cheer, and loving words of a true Salvation Army leader remain with us, and will be cherished and treasured by all who have met the Commissioner.

"Iron sharpeth iron": so a man sharpeneth the courage of a man; and so we believe our international guest has helped to more clearly etched out in our character the Divine image.

HEADQUARTERS' HAPPENINGS.

BY ONE IN IT.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanton specialised at the Temple on Sunday. The weather was very disagreeable and crowds were small, but one soul came forward at night.

Ensign and Mrs. Bale are rejoicing over the advent of a son. Mrs. Bale is doing nicely. The Ensign is far from being well himself. Pray for him!

Colonel Jacobs and Staff-Capt. Creighton conducted meetings at Dovercourt on Sunday.

Capt. Koerner, who is the Financial Secretary for the Buffalo Division of the American field, visited Toronto last week.

We were also pleased to see Major Lamb, who ran in to see us the other day.

MONTREAL MEMOS.

Our welcome meeting to Montreal H. took place on a very bad night for the weather; nevertheless, we had a nice crowd. No. 1, officers and band and corps united.

Sunday was spent at No. 1, and it stormed and blew all day, yet we had a good time. One volunteered at night, who promised to become a soldier.

The officers' meeting held at the Rose Home on Monday afternoon was a "green spot by the way." God was present, strengthening and inspiring our hearts for the conflict. There was an attendance of nearly twenty.

The united soldiers' assembly at No. 1, a night was the best meeting of its kind we have attended for months. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty," and of a truth we had liberty. Pentecost was the theme, and God, the Holy Ghost, came upon us. There were six surrenders. Hallelujah! Brimstone! Praise!

COLONEL AND MRS. JACOBS AT DOVERCOURT.

This corps has had the privilege of having Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs and Staff-Capt. Creighton for a Sunday's meetings.

The Colonel loves an old-time test, many meetings conducted in an up-to-date fashion—and we had one in the afternoon, led by the Staff-Captain, when Salvationists and Christians in two spoke of their soul's experience in a pointed manner.

The Colonel's addresses were hearty, searching and fraught with blessing. In the afternoon he went to the foundation of the soul's relationship to God, and at night the wanderer's heart felt the touch of God.

Mrs. Jacobs' singing was enjoyed very much. T. J. M.



March 6th, 1900.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Just at the close of last week's budget we announced the surrender of General Buller with between 3,000 and 4,000 men. Lord Roberts treated his brave foe with great courtesy, and the Boer prisoners, and their wives and children, could hardly believe that they could expect such kindness as the British soldiers showed them; many of the latter denied themselves of their own little luxuries to treat their captives. —[The relief of Ladysmith, after a siege of 117 days, followed quickly, and the news of it was received throughout Canada with tremendous enthusiasm, such as had not been seen for many years. The Boer forces have now evacuated the invaded portions of Natal, but seem to have left a force to defend Laing's Nek, while the main army of General Buller is hurrying to oppose Lord Roberts' onward march to Bloemfontein.

The casualties between the killed, wounded, and missing during the Siege of Ladysmith and General Buller's attempts of relief, amounted to about 2,000 officers and men. The Boer forces in Northern Cape Colony are retreating across the Orange River, although small commands are still holding some strong positions. General Buller is confident that he can clear the Colony of all opposing forces. —[The king is still besieged. A relief column is on its way from the south, as Colonel Buller seems to be unable to relieve Mafeking from the north. —[President Kruger has issued a stirring appeal to the burghers, exhorting them to take fresh courage, as the Lord would surely help them. In the Boer trenches near Ladysmith two Boer women were found, one wounded, another one dead. The former was only 19 years old. —[There appears to be no sign of cessation of hostilities up to date.

—[]—

MISCELLANEOUS.

There seems to be much apprehension of Russian invasion of Northern Persia. —[Considerable political unrest is manifested in France, and fear is expressed that the agitation against Great Britain in certain quarters in the Empire is increasing. In the Philippines appears to be in no greater measure under control, and fighting is continually going on. More stringent measures have been adopted to deal with insurgents caught while fighting in guerrilla fashion. —[The present Chinese Government is following a strict and foreign policy. —[The Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new Belton Green tenement houses, costing one and a-half millions of dollars, and accommodating 5,280 people. The Prince called the House of Lords a disgrace to civilization, and promised government measures to further the scheme of sanitary housing of the poor. —[The uprising of the Yagui Indians in Mexico, has led to a bloody battle near Guaymas. The Yagui had a maxim gun and were led by some white miners and cowboys. The Indians were driven from their fortified position, and left 73 dead on the field. The casualties of the Mexican troops numbered 227. —[Three hundred million dollars have been voted by the British House for the South African war.

—[]—

CANADIAN ITEMS.

A big fire in Montreal caused a loss of \$100,000. —[Lord Roberts made special mention of the heroic conduct of the Canadian Regiment under fire. The Queen also telegraphed congratulations and sympathy with the bravery of the fallen soldiers. A part of the C. P. R. Express, during the snow-storm on Saturday morning, March 6th, went over the embankment east of Toronto, but a number of passengers were hurt, but none seriously. —[Two men were killed and seven injured in a dynamite explosion near the Crystal Gold Mine, Sudbury.

A man who cannot command his temper should not think of being a man of business. Beaconsfield.



CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Midland.

After attending the special meetings held in Toronto, I visited Midland. The meetings were well attended and owned of God, four souls being the result of the day's battle. Bro. Smith will no doubt make a little advance on last quarter's G. B. M. returns when his returns are all in.

Coldwater.

The friends in Coldwater take quite an interest in our G. B. M. work, and under the circumstances, contribute well to the same. The lantern service was not known to many, yet we had a nice crowd present.

Rama.

Rama is an Indian village, about seven miles from Orillia, where we have some faithful soldiers. This meeting had been well announced, and a good crowd met for the same, notwithstanding the wet and unpleasant night. The G. B. M. work is something new in this district, yet Mrs. Wesley is doing well with it as the acting Agent.

Gravenhurst.

Capt. Lott has recently taken charge of this corps, and seeing that she is much interested in the G. B. M. work we may expect her to make rapid progress, especially now that Mrs. Barclay, a friend of the P. A., has taken up the work as Agent. The returns this quarter surpassed all previous returns of 1899. The weather was fearfully stormy on Thursday night, and our lantern meeting was postponed until Friday—when we had a larger crowd.

More anon.—W. H. Burrows, T. F. S.

The Saved Bushwhacker GOES TO THE BUSH.

Billed that night with some very kind people. The next morning, after breakfast, what should appear but a genuine tramp. What a sight! Even Joe Beef's can't show anything tougher looking. The usual story, out of work, no food for a long time, on one foot a least split clean to the toe, on the other a rubber. Well, not some kind hearts this time and was given a good breakfast. The old lady wept over him. It was very touching to see this woman's emotion over the poor fellow.

Bureau next. Suddenly we drop down into a valley only we are in a new little village, the trading centre of this part of the country. Dinner at a boarding-house. Pleasant gentleman other side of the table. Enter another gentleman. We are soon in conversation and discover he had been in one of our bands in England, ten years ago. Still has a warm heart for the S. A. Visited Rev. Mr. Anderson, Methodist minister. Say, boss, what do you think a preacher who announced our meeting, got the bills put up, and then invited me to use his pulpit Sunday night? I must say I have received much kindness from the ministers in this back country. They have very large circuits to travel—some 20 and some 30 miles.

I hear that a Hallelujah house sometimes appears on the street here, but as the owner is five or six miles away, we don't get the chance of seeing her; but this shows, sir, that someone, fifty miles from an Army corps, sticks to the uniform.

Next day we start for Bro. Payne's again. Dear Editor, imagine yourself a boy at school again. I am the teacher. How long does it take to go 15 miles at 3 miles an hour? Well, not so far. Had a lantern service at Gilling school-house. A good crowd, fine attention, people delighted. This was Saturday night. Sunday, 2:30 p.m., a crowd. I did my heart good to talk to these people. They only got a cordial once in two weeks, and I tell you they drank in this one, and invitations were given thick and fast to come again.

Sunday evening, 60 miles from the S. A., no church or meeting in reach, yet what a nice time we had in the old

furn house. Bro. P. sang, the children sang. I—this is a secret known only to my acquaintances.

Monday, another drive behind Ned, Coe Hill. The welcome blast of the C. O. R. whistle. I am away for St. Olin. Only one man in the coach. Opened conversation. An ex-Salvationist from B. C. Just been visiting the very place I want to find out about. Strange how the right thing has happened at the right time all through this trip.

St. Olin. The smiling face of Bro. Quakenbush. We are soon at the house of Mr. B. Solmes. I must say I enjoyed my stay here. Everybody, even the baby, seemed to say, "Glad to see you. Make yourself at home."

Evening. Greenbush school-house. This is a model of neatness and cleanliness, and speaks highly for the good taste of the people here. A fine crowd. Rev. Mr. Sanderson (Methodist) came in and led in prayer, and by his kindness made a very nice feeling of unity and fellowship. People gave strict attention to the service, and would gladly have had it repeated. The meeting is dismissed, but Mr. Sanderson stops the people. They must give a vote of thanks. He spoke in high praise of the service, so a vote of thanks was given. God bless this kind minister.

A rapid drive (Mr. S. Burkitt, whose photo I enclose, held the lines—he didn't sleep along the road) and we are back to our billet. Waked up early next morning, about 6 a.m., heard the voice of an old man in prayer at the other end of the house. How beautiful it sounded in the early morning. Oh, the glorious sweetness of that sound! Poor, weak man, pouring out his soul to God!



Mr. and Mrs. Wright, of Greenbush School House.

I know no sweeter sound than prayer in the early morning. That is what makes angels rejoice, and devils fear and fly. Hallelujah! He was an old man, but had done many a hard day's work in soul-winning. I enclose his photo, and that of his dear, good partner in life. God bless them both with a triumphant finish to their earthly journey.

Next day I farewelled to North Hastings. A short run on the cars, during which I had a pleasant talk with an old gentleman, who turns out to be the father of my late host at Port Hope. Change cars. A few miles to the G. T. R., and I am in Adj. Kendall's quarters, at Belleville, and my trip to North Hastings is over. This was all breaking new ground for my work. It was a very happy trip all round, and if God should order it so, I shall be glad to respond to the many kind invitations and go again.—Jos. Parker, Kewlin.

What Think Ye of Christ?

"What think ye of Christ?" That was a test question of the beginning of our own nineteenth century ago. It has been growing in importance from that day till this. Never was it of such vital moment as at this hour. Never did so large a portion of the world's inhabitants give it the first place as just now. On our answer to that question pivot our answers to all minor questions which confront us in every sphere of practical life, and thought, and being. "What think ye of Christ?"

The road is long from the intention to the completion.—Mollere.

A BALL-ROOM PLOT.

By R. PITTMAN.

John's scathing reproach, when he said to Herod's face, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife," was too much for the dignity of the monarch official and the pride and squeamishness of the adulteress Herodias. John delivered the truth fearlessly, irrespective of the social and official positions of the accomplices in the horrible crime. It was a straight shot, and it went right to the mark, and did it right well. Herod committed John to prison, but Herodias was exasperated and would have killed him on the spot, if she could have done so with any pretext of justice.

A Birthday Party.

At length Herod's annual birthday celebration comes round—with a ball, of course. The very best dishes are provided for the occasion, the rich, frothy wines, almost bursting the bottles, in luxurious abundance. The liveried footmen run around to the nobility with invitations; the guests are assembled; the feast is spread; the tables are laid out. There is the most fastidious epurée; Herod is toasted over and over again, by his obsequious courtiers, until his pride is flattered and his generosity enhanced. But in the midst of all this conviviality, there is a murmur of discontent. There are dissident forces at work in that ball-room. Herodias cannot forget John's scathing reproach. It is the bitterest ingredient in her sweetest cup of pleasure. With every resource for the gratification of the carnal nature within her reach, there she sits, with glum features, tugging her dress and looking the very embodiment of vindictiveness, and when a woman thus departs herself, "look out for squalls."

At length the feast is over, and the cup that intoxicates has done its work well. Now for the giddy dance! The spacious room is prepared, the music strikes up, and away go the nimbly-tripping feet on the smoothly-carpeted floors, until the whole company are quickly swept into the maelstrom of carnal enjoyment. But Salome is the belle of the ball-room. Herod is captivated by her adroit and graceful movements, as he looks on with glowing eye and morbid mind, resolving to take a deeper plunge into the habits of moral degradation. Quickly he loses the power of self-control and promises he will give Salome anything that she may ask, even to the half of his kingdom, and she recklessly clinches the offer with an oath. "The grave crisis is now reached, and the forces of earth and hell have met for a combined effort. Salome is so delighted with Herod's generous offer that she does not know what request to make, and, therefore, very naturally, submits the matter of choice to her mother.

A Fearful Choice.

"Let me see," says the sullen, unrepenting dame—there was someone not far from her elbow just then—"there is a old prophet down in the prison cell who dared to question my matrimonial rights and disturb the serenity of my carnal relations; go and request of Herod his head on a charger."

It was a peremptory decision, prompted by the devil, and so Salome just tripped up to Herod and very flippantly said, "I want John's head to be given me on a charger."

Herod was thunderstruck, and would have saved John from the awful fate, but his honor was at stake and his oath was binding. There was no alternative to Herod, and so the awful mandate went forth immediately, that the faithful man of God who never shrunk from his duty, should now lose his head because of his fidelity to his God.

John receives the startling information with composure, commits his soul to God, smiles at the gleaming blade, places his head on the block, and as he is pulled, it falls, and the bleeding head falls on one side and the bleeding body on the other side, and faithful John is with the noblest of martyrs before the throne of God.

This is the last act in the awful tragedy. Soon there is a messenger at the palace door, and while the music is stopped, and the glib tongue is silenced, and many a room and hide their faces, Salome receives the chastely presented on a large dish, and hands it to her depraved and hard-hearted mother.

That was not the first, nor the last hellish plot that has been concocted in a ball-room. It is the hot-bed of in-

iquity from which the devil reaps some of his best harvests. The atmosphere of the ball-room breathes contagion into the moral nature of young persons, and unobviously induces the stranger friendship which bind older ones together in the covenant of marriage. Only eternity will prevent the awful effects of the flames of lust, and passion, and revenge that were kindled in the ball-room. Herod was defeated in a battle with Aretas, his own father-in-law, whose daughter he had divorced in order to marry Herodias, and which divorce had caused the war in which he was defeated. The three accomplices in the murder of John—Herodias, Herodias, and Salome—were compelled to flee to Lyons, where they ended their infamous lives in wretchedness and disgrace.

Refining Fire.

By M. F. ELLIS.

"The refining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold."—Prov. xvii. 3.

These words have been so often in my mind of late that I thought I would, through you, dear War Cry, write a word of encouragement to some of my comrades, who may be feeling discouraged in consequence of the fiery trial they are called upon to endure.

Obedience to God, which is the very essence of consecration, will always bring suffering and trial to the real devoted child of God so long as he remains in this sinful world, a world lying in the arms of the wicked one, the devil. Our blessed Saviour Himself bore a radiant unto death, even the death of the cross, because

Perfect Through Suffering.

The furnace was sometimes heated for Him, the precious Lamb of God, and all for us; and shall we not esteem an honour to suffer with Him and for Him, my comrades, and be willing to remain in the furnace just as long as God pleases, knowing that the Great Refiner is sitting by watching the process, and just as soon as He can see His own blessed image reflected in us, we shall come forth as gold seven times purified?

As in earthly warfare, the best officers and soldiers are put to the front, under the hottest fire, so we, my comrades, if fully given up to God, and determined to live Him at all costs, are exposed to the fiercest attacks of the enemy, the fierce darts of the devil, and the bitterest persecutions from so-called Christian friends; but instead of being discouraged, let us rejoice in the blessed assurance that "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

Let Us "Endure as Seeing Him Who is Invisible."

The trial may be very long, the furnace very hot, but we shall come forth as gold, and shall stand among that "countless multitude who have gone up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

"Refining fire go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter Thy light through every part.
And sanctify the whole."

WOODSTOCK.—Good week-end. One soul Saturday night. Siege target enthusiastically received by soldiers, who are starting a week ahead to visit backsliders.—J. Crawford, Ensign; J. Stutz, Capt.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES?
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your disposal the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Walter A. Sinton, G. L. Temple, Albany, N. Y., Toronto Branch, 106 York Street, Montreal, will be charged.



ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—One soul has been properly converted to God since last report. We have had a team service, and soldiers from Dickey for special meetings. Desperate storm. None saved, but a very pleasant evening was spent. Our Sergt.-Major said good-bye at the close. —M. H. B. C.

BEAR RIVER.—Five precious souls this past week makes us to rejoice in our blessed Saviour.—E. A. Morine.

BUTTE.—Week-end was a glorious time. Fine crowds outside and indoors. —Cor.

CARIBONAR.—We had a very special time on Wednesday night, the Life Boat, led by Capt. Fudge. Our hall was crowded. Everyone delighted with the meeting. God came very near and showed the unsaved their need of Jesus on board the life-boat in time. Sunday night we welcomed our new D. O. Adjt. McKee. God bless him. All day on Sunday God came in power and helped us. At night, one soul in the Fountain.—A Soldier.

Calamity to a Cry Boomer.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Friends will deeply sympathize with our valued Secretary, Mary F. Ellis, who, while engaged this morning in selling War Crys, and the misfortune to fall, breaking her right arm, near the wrist. Our prayers will go up that she may speedily be restored to her place in this salvation war which she loves so. Several have recently knelt at the penitent form, finding pardon and forgiveness. We also rejoice to welcome back to our ranks Bro. Whittle and Sister Mrs. Whittle. —H.

CLINTON.—We have just taken hold of the work here. The comrades gave us a real hearty welcome. They are a lively, enthusiastic band of warriors. We are one in the Siege, going in to defeat the powers of darkness.—Lieut. Plant, for Capt. Campbell.

The Zonophone Exuberates.

COATCOOKE.—We have had a visit from our D. O., Staff Captain Taylor, which was much enjoyed. Much blessing and help was received from his visit. The Staff-Captain brought with him the Zonophone, which helped to make the meeting very interesting to the people. Next we had a visit from the G. B. M. Special the honorable Jos. Parker, Ensign, with his magic lantern, who gave us two interesting slides, "Home, sweet home," which proved a large success. At our outpost quite a large crowd was present, and was very much pleased with the service. We believe that when the special comes this way again he will have greater success, and will expect the same special at our next corps in the near future.—Lieut. M. E. Cook, for Capt. E. Dawson.

A Harvest of Souls.

DILDO.—On Sunday night last 12 knelt at the penitent form; one of them went away unsaved, the others found salvation. On Monday afternoon four came out and got saved. On Tuesday we had with us Brigadier Squire, our P. O., Adjt. Hogg, and Adjt. Ken ward. The Brigadier led a very powerful holiness meeting in the afternoon, in which five gave themselves to God as fresh, and at night we had the joy of seeing six more come to Jesus. Last week's War Cry all sold.

FAIGO, N. D.—Four souls seeking a clean heart, and one for salvation.—M. H. S.

FEVERHAM.—Capt. Wadge has just arrived and taken hold of things. Since taking hold two souls have sought and found the Saviour.

FORT WILLIAM.—Had our T. F. S. Ensign Perry, with us for 18th and 19th Blessed times. Lantern service entitled "The Gypsy Girl," was very touching. Our forces were strengthened on Monday night by officers and comrades from the Fort, and one backslider returned to the fold.—Carrie E. Barrager, Capt.

A Beneficent Bann Service.

GLACE BAY.—On Saturday evening we had a ban social, the proceeds of which amounted to \$15. Towards the close of the social some overorgery boys came in with enough liquor aboard to give them the "courage" which they lacked when sober and endeavored to make it interesting. They only succeeded in disgracing themselves, and, to say, the families which some of them are responsible for training and supporting.—Sergt.-Major.

HAMILTON, Ont.—The second S. A. wedding took place in Hamilton barracks on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 14th, when a fine crowd of people were gathered to witness the union of Sergt.-Major G. R. Tate with our o'd friend and District Officer, Adjutant Matthews. All the officers of the District were present, each of whom took part in the evening's program. Capt. Goodwin and Capt. Cowan, who have only lately come to Bermuda, sang very sweetly together. "The Sunlight of Love." Mrs. Miller read the lesson, after which the Rev. Dr. Harrows, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, of this city, tied the nuptial knot. We extend hearty congratulations to the groom, and to the bride our best wishes for her future welfare, and a loving welcome back to Bermuda.—C. L. Special Cor.

General Mitchell to the Front.

HANTS HARBOR.—On Thursday night a very special meeting was held by the women-warriors of Hants Harbor. It was given out to be a sisters' meeting. They would commend the building that night. Mrs. M. Loder took the collection, the Captain was door-keeper. The platform looked like after twenty-nine sisters had taken their places on it, each one wearing a white sash and caps of all kinds and all shapes, with the Army band across them. Owing to sickness and the slippery walking, quite a few of our sisters could not get out to help in this meeting. Our barracks was filled with a fine crowd of people, and a fine meeting was held. We have one great large sister in our corps. She goes by the name of Mother Mitchell. Now, this is the General among women-warriors, and a fine one she is, too—General Mitchell. They danced, and sang, and soloed.—A lover of the War Cry.

HELENA.—On Sunday evening Adjt. Stevens enrolled five recruits as salvation soldiers. People are coming to see and believe that "Salvation is the best thing in the world," and, as one brother said in his testimony, "There is nothing like it." Glorious meetings all day Sunday. Good crowds, and we believe conviction was stamped on the hearts of many. Helena is decidedly on the up-grade, spiritually, and financially as well. The Army has many warm friends here. Adjt. Stevens and Capt. Scott have had the seats painted and a new floor laid, and otherwise repaired and renovated the barracks until it looks very cheerful and inviting.—E. H. Wickersham.

Twenty Below Zero.

HUNTSVILLE.—Siege started well. Sunday morning a genuine Muskoka storm was raging, but 21 braved it and came to kneel drift. The Juniors also did well in spite of snow and drift. In the afternoon one backslider returned, and admitted to God's long-suffering in his testimony of having been under con-

viction for over a year. At night another wanderer returned. Fifteen on the march at night in the teeth of the storm (then registering 20° below zero) speaks well for the comrades' determination to make this siege the best yet.—J. H. Sergt.-Major.



Capt. Keeler and Gerlie Simpson, in "The Story of a Wandering Boy."

KENTVILLE, N. S.—Siege begun in good earnest. Kneel-drill better. Good time at holiness meeting. A terrible storm raged outside while a few gathered for the free-and-easy in the afternoon. One backslider got free, while two prisoners were captured at night. Soldiers full of the fighting spirit, and determined to make the Siege a success.—A. Jess. R. C.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Last Sunday night Capt. Walrath, who has been here for about three months, faredwell to go to Anaconda to help push on the war there. On Tuesday night Cadet Wilsey, who has been accepted, faredwell to go to Great Falls, to assist in the work there. In Sunday morning's holiness meeting one soul faredwell from sin, and one in Sunday afternoon's meeting, and on Monday night another one came out on the Lord's side, making three precious souls since last report. Good collections. Soldiers all on fire for the salvation of souls.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Brigadier Pugmire to the Front.

MONTREAL, II.—The rain descended and the floods came, and the old barracks being in bad repair, we were obliged to hold our meetings elsewhere. We are able to have them on Sundays only, as our work is kind of crippled on the time being. Still, on Saturday night we had a splendid time, it being the welcome of Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire to P. St. Charles. It was very unpleasant for marching, but we had quite a large attendance, and then inside we had a splendid time, it being the welcome of Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire from No. 1 corps, and their brass band. Staff-Capt. Taylor introduced the Brigadier, and we gave him a real welcome, of which we think he is quite worthy. Then there was a presentation of colors to the corps. After explaining the meaning of the different colors, they were given over to Color-Sergt. Bro. Bullock. Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire then sang

together, after which the Bible was read and the invitation given to the sinner. Owing to the illness of Capt. McNaney, the war is being led on by Capt. Young, and what with no barracks and no helper she has her hands full.—W. J. G.

MUSGRAVE TOWN.—Sunday was a day of victory, God wonderfully blessing us in the presence of the Fountain. We are on fire for souls.—S. Reader. Treas.

NANAIMO.—Tuesday night, an old-time banquet. One lady gave seven pies, also made an excuse because she had no more. You can judge what the rest gave. Sunday, two souls for salvation. One drunk and one Wesleyan night, prayed for himself. Ensign Staiger for three days. Splendid time. Keep your eye on the G. B. M. Agent. \$4 in three of the new boxes for the month of January. She also has succeeded in placing a number of small boxes in good places. The father that brought the apples and chickens to Captain B. still pays us a visit, also the neighbor's girl is seen coming every week with a large basket. The dollar bills came also, this time for the Vancouver Rescue Home. Staff-Captain Galt, Adjt. Dodd, and Cadet Whitmore, of Victoria, with us for a visit. Saturday night musical bazaar; Sunday night, rest outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Three souls at the finish.—Maggie.

OMEKE.—We are having big times here. After three weeks' hard fighting, one soul brought out of darkness into light, and more deeply convicted.—Lieut. Marshall.

So Happy had to Dance.

ORILLIA.—Soldiers and officers on the war path. Went to Rama last Monday night and had a meeting with the Indians. Everybody so happy that they could not keep still, so started dancing. Two souls for salvation and two for holiness this week.—Lieut. Greavett.

OSHAWA.—Sunday afternoon we marched to the home of dear Mother Siegel, who had been ill for quite a while. We had a very favorable collection. A word of testimony from the old warrior, and then proceeded to the barracks, where we had a public commissioning of Locals.—J. A. McCann, Capt.; L. A. Pattenden, Lieut.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—We had an interesting meeting on Thursday, in re-commissioning of the land and Local Officers, about 25 in all. We were disappointed in the Chancellor not being able to be present, as announced; however, there was a very good crowd in attendance and a very favorable collection. A very good day on Sunday. In the afternoon Bro. Mashiter read the Bible lesson from Isaiah, "Awake, awake, but on thy strength, O Zion." In the forenoon a very interesting and some definite testimonies from the comrades. Mrs. Westcott at the front with the sword of the Spirit in hand. Several were on the point of decision.—Capt. and Mrs. Westcott.

Fire in the Old Fortress.

QUEBEC.—Our crowds are increasing and also our collections, while our War Crys sell like hot cakes. Best of all, God is saving precious souls. I would like to make special mention of two cases, a young man and young woman, who got soundly saved last week, and oh, how my own soul has been blessed in hearing their prayer and testify what great things God has done for them. On Sunday last we had an old friend and comrade, Ensign Joe Elliott, with us. We had a grand, old-time meeting, and although no one yielded, some held up their hands to be baptized. Capt. Huxtable and Capt. T. Bless have right hold of the people, and God is wonderfully blessing their labors. For myself I am glad to report victory in my own soul, and have been able to baptize a heart.—David Casick, a 12-year-old soldier.

RAT PORTAGE.—The Siege has commenced, and we are determined to reach our target. During the first week-end God was with us. Soldiers were very much blessed. Crowds were good, and we closed the day with three souls.—J. C. H.

SKAGWAY.—We have had a real Salvation Army wedding. Our comrades, Harry Jackson and Julia Chate, were the contracting parties. The progress was necessarily slow owing to our being obliged to talk through an interpreter, but, though slowly, yet surely, was the knot tied, and another couple launched on the sea of matrimonial bliss. The bride and groom had each a word of testimony.—Adjt. McGill.



ST. JOHN'S I.—We had a blessed time at old No. 1, last week. 24 souls at the Cross, some for pardon, some for cleansing. A successful banquet on Thursday night. Proceeds to go towards the band War Cry all sold out.—H. C. Ebsary, S. M.

ST. THOMAS.—We have had the joy of seeing two souls return to the fold. We are watching and working for a revival.—W. J. S.

STRATHROY.—We have just been favored with a visit from our new P. O., Brigadier Howell, accompanied by Staff Capt. Phillips. A very good crowd turned out to the meeting, and, best of all, one soul came forward and gave her heart to God. We all say, "Come again, Brigadier and Staff-Captain." Saturday night we had a visit from Ensign Hoddinott, and he gave us a very interesting lantern service. In spite of the cold, quite a number attended. Finance good. Sunday we commenced our Siege meetings. At 7 o'clock a few came to wait on God. Good spirit among the soldiers, and we have made a good start. We are believing for good success during the Siege.—H. Freeman.

ST. THOMAS.—Good and very enthusiastic meeting all day Sunday. Three precious souls came out for salvation.—W. J. Turner.

War Cry Well Looked After.

TILT COVE.—Sunday we rejoiced over two souls in the Fountain. Lieut. Flood boasts the "War Cry" and helps. War Cry out. We hope we shall see their names in the Hustlers' Roll.—L. Smart, P. C.

TWILLINGATE.—We have had the joy of seeing a number of souls weeping at the Cross. Backsliders are coming home. Soldiers and Sergeants are all on fire and in for victory. Ensign Cooper.

VALLEY CITY.—Meetings mostly well attended, with good order and increased interest. Our new officers are well received. On Monday night the hall was more than filled to listen to the music and song service of Adj. Thomas.—Wm. P. Harvey, for Ensign Taylor.

VICTORIA.—Beautiful meetings. Saturday an enrolment of Local Officers and bandmen. Staff-Capt. Galt has every thing shipshape. Sunday's meetings grand. Band out at jail meeting. One man saved. Praise God! Souls have been saved lately. Bro. and Sister Willard have taken their hearts and again, God bless them, we are glad to see them back again. "There is no place like home." The sister of one of our last converts gave God her heart. The wife and sister and himself form another little group.

WESTVILLE.—After a time of spiritual decline in this corps, things are coming up again. Some of the comrades who lost their joy and peace acknowledged it. The meetings are better. The attendance and attention at the holiness meeting on Sunday morning were better for a long time.—Sim McDonald, Ensign.

WOODSTOCK.—Have had four souls, and enrolled four soldiers since last report. One saved at knee-drill Sunday morning. Getting our guns in shape for the coming Siege.—J. Crawford, Ensign.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. HOWELL VISIT SIMCOE.

Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 24th and 25th, was announced the welcome of the meetings to our new P. O.'s. Saturday evening, as our leaders stepped from the train they were greeted by a volley from a few of the comrades who had assembled to greet them.

The Saturday night meeting was a proper welcome meeting. A welcome song composed by our J. S. Sergt.-Major, was sung by three of our Juniors. A good time was enjoyed by all. Sunday, however, was a cold, with the thermometer about zero, hindered numbers of people from attending the meetings who were very anxious to do so. Nevertheless, quite a few people ventured out, and a beautiful time was experienced by all.

The final little at night was a meeting which will not soon be forgotten, and four souls went their way to the Cross, one of which was a man who, in months past, had fought for God in the field. We rejoiced over his return. The total results for the campaign were five for salvation, one two for the blessing. Come again, Brigadier and Mrs. Howell.—Adj. McFarr.

Miss Booth at the Garden City

"THE SCARLET THREAD" AT HAMILTON AND ST. CATHARINES.

The atmosphere was cheerfully crisp, the sun radiant, the train on time, and a bright group waiting to welcome those whom it brought. Yet there was an undoubted shadow overhanging the arrival of the Scarlet Thread Company at Hamilton. Its beloved leader, the Field Commissioner, was not there. With reluctance we had to leave her on a sick couch in Toronto, from which it was found out of the question for her to rise in time for the meeting in the Ambitious City.

Hamilton was disappointed—it could hardly be otherwise. Over Adj. Goodwin's sunny smiles an April cloud was thrown; she felt for her soldiers' disappointment as much as her own. However, the dramatic personae of the Commissioner's story, "The Scarlet Thread," were all in evidence, and a myriad of scenic properties promised that, save for the much-lamented absence of the Commissioner, the meeting would go through as announced.

A word of explanation re the meeting itself may not be out of place. It is the representation in living, graphic picture form of the Commissioner's story of the same name. The conclusion of the picture appears in our present issue. Its forcible expounding of the horrors of the drink traffic and their degrading influences upon home and children, make such scenes as those enacted in the "Scarlet Thread" to rank as valuable adjuncts to the cause of righteousness. Then, the work of the Salvation Army in the fashionable cafe and low saloon, in the squalid street and prison cell is presented in a concise and pleasing manner. A bitter conception of the curse of sin, and a clearer view of the possibilities of salvation should be its effect upon all who witness it.

While retaining many of the features which helped to make the meeting at the Massey Hall so popular, there has been considerable revision in the scenes, and the whole appear new in their attractive setting. The suitable and convincing scenery, which has been so ably designed by Brigadier Friedrich, fully justifies the expectations entertained of it.

In the Association Hall.

The interested crowd which attended the Association Hall that Friday night did not attempt to leave until after tea, when the curtain was drawn over the triumphant salvation finale of the Scarlet Thread. Indeed, if the remark of a friend may be taken as representative of others, many were loth to leave then, for she said, "I could have looked and listened for four hours longer."

Brigadier Gaskin arrived on the scene as the meeting started, to express the Commissioner's sorrow at her unavoidable absence, and assist in the meeting engineering.

On Saturday morning the Scarlet Thread went itself into travelling harness again, and started for St. Catharines.

We found the Garden City in its winter garb—one of its characteristics is a capacity to reproduce either summer or winter in an idealized version. The ascent of the white pass from the station to the quarters, which the party took by storm, will remain a snowy spot in the memories of each. However, we held to the trail, with a few minor deviations in the snowy abysses which continually surrounded it, and the representatives of the Scarlet Thread turned up in their various roles at the Opera House at night apparently none the worse.

The six o'clock train was a herald of joy, for it brought into our midst the Commissioner, who had struggled to her feet to fulfil the promised week-end. She was accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read.

St. Catharines.

The crowd on Saturday night was a credit to St. Catharines. The Commissioner's appearance on the stage to speak the introduction to the review was greeted with prolonged applause. There was also continual manifestations of appreciation of the Scarlet Thread. The denunciation of the saloon-keeper by the Commissioner's wife met with cheers.

On Sunday the weather grew severely have been more unpropitious. A blizzard overhead and a tangle of frozen snow underfoot had to be faced by all way-farers, yet very good crowds fared the Commissioner, and two meetings fraught with lasting profit to the city were conducted.

The holiness meeting, conducted by Brigadier Friedrich, assisted by the officers of the company, in the barracks, was a heart-searching and helpful time. The meetings in the Opera House let ringing echoes of salvation in that hall and beyond it.

Despite her great weakness, the Commissioner, with exceptional force and uncton. At night especially her denunciation of righteousness made sinners tremble—she seemed like some inspired prophet upon the stage of the Opera House warning of doom, yet pointing to mercy. In both meetings not the least appreciated of the Commissioner's remarks were those which portrayed South African scenes, and told of the faith and fortitude which is manifested there by soldiers of the Salvation Army who are also soldiers of the Queen.

Conviction fired many faces as our leader, exhausted, sank into a chair at the conclusion of her impassioned appeal, and although none yielded, the influences of that meeting yet live and will be seen.

The Commissioner sang several times, accompanying herself on the harp, each selection being manifestly much appreciated.

Happy the man who hears the very words which he has between his wishes and his powers. Goethe.

The Commissioner's Western Tour.

MISS BOOTH

WILL VISIT

GRAND FORKS Tuesday, April 3rd.

BUTTE Friday, April 6th.

SPOKANE Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 7th, 8th and 9th.

ROSSLAND Thursday, April 12th.

(MISS BOOTH IN RAGS.)

NELSON Saturday and Sunday, April 14th and 15th.

(SATURDAY, SOLDIERS' MEETING.)

VICTORIA, Wednesday and Thursday, April 18th and 19th.

VANCOUVER Sunday, April 22nd.

COMING EVENTS

The Field Commissioner,

Accompanied by

Brigadier Friedrich and Party,

Will Visit

LINDSAY ACADEMY OF MUSIC

on

Thursday, March 15th,

And Present Her New Secular Service,

"The Scarlet Thread."

LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

Staff-Captain Mantion,

will visit

Oshawa, Thursday, March 29.

Bowmanville, Friday, March 30.

Peterborough, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 31, April 1, 2.

LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ,

(The Rescue Secretary)

WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT SPECIAL SERVICES

at

BRANTFORD, Friday, March 16.

LONDON, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 17, 18, 19.

CHATHAM, Thurs. and Fri., March 22, 23.

WINDSOR, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 24, 25, 26.

ESSEX, Tues. and Wed., March 27, 28.

ST. THOMAS, Thursday, March 29.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will conduct special meetings as follows

Huron St. (old No. 1), Saturday, March 24, to Sunday, April 1 (inclusive).

MAJOR PICKERING

will visit the following places:

Fredricton, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 17, 18, 19.

Hendon, Tues. and Wed., March 20, 21.

Woodstock, Thursday, March 22.

St. Stephen, Fri. and Sat., March 23, 24.

Her Sufferings O'er.

HANT'S HARROR.—Death has been doing its work in our little neighborhood. After a long time of suffering from the fearful disease, consumption, the wife of Bro. Travis passed away, on Monday morning, Feb. 6th. The funeral service took place on Tuesday. While visiting this sister she said she was all right in her soul. On Sunday night we held her memorial service. There was a large crowd present. God's Spirit was troubling many a heart, yet no one yielded.—Capt. England.

Drop the Copper.

A little child was one day playing with a valuable vase, when he put his hand into it and could not withdraw it. His father, too, tried his best to get it out, but all in vain. They were talking of breaking the vase, when the father said, "Now, my son, make one more try: open your hand and hold your fingers out straight, as you see me doing, and then pull." To their astonishment the little fellow said, "Oh, no, papa: I couldn't put out my fingers like that, for if I did I would drop my penny." He had been holding on to a penny all the time. So wonder he could not withdraw his hand. How many of us are like him! Drop the copper, surrender, let go, and God will give you gold.

CHASING THE DEVIL



The Leeds Theatre Royal was packed for the General's meetings. 88 souls were captured. The meetings were excellent.

Self-Denial is the order of the day.

At Bristol the General held some officers' councils. 450 officers gathered together. The councils are reported as being exceptionally spiritual.

The midday meetings at International Headquarters have considerably increased in interest under the enterprising generalship of Brigadier Marston. The Brigadier is arranging for a week of special prayer and intercession on behalf of stricken India. Commissioner Nield is to open the series.

A batch of five women-officers have left for Genoa, en route for Bombay; their names are Emslie Cartm, Capt. Russell, McGregor, Boyce and Lieut. Dunn. They paid their final farewell to their British comrades at a midday meeting at 1. H. Q. It was an enthusiastic little send-off. No sooner had the knee-drill bell rung than the boom of drum and clang of Indian cymbals, accompanying a lively chorus, rang through the corridors of 1. H. Q. Staff-Capt. Lewis, of the Foreign Office, marched the farewell officers, in Indian costume, through the principal offices, out through Thames Street and back through the main entrance to the midday meeting-room. Each of these comrades are well-tried officers, and we predict a career of glorious usefulness for them each on the Indian battlefield.

The Regent Hall comrades have a big scheme on hand for the renovation and re-decoration of their hall, at a cost of over £800. In connection with the raising of the necessary funds, the band is arranging a whole week's band festivals.

Holland.

It is cheering to hear that Brigadier Schoch, of Holland, has recovered from the severe attack of influenza, which confined him to the house recently.

Our work in Alkmaar, Holland, has been hampered for years by the situation of our hall on the outskirts of the city, and our inability to secure more suitable premises. A Catholic gentleman who recently attended a meeting led by Commissioner Brindle-Clifford was so much blessed that he, the next day, offered the Commissioner a dancing-saloon in the centre of the city. Needless to say, the offer was promptly accepted.

Ceylon.

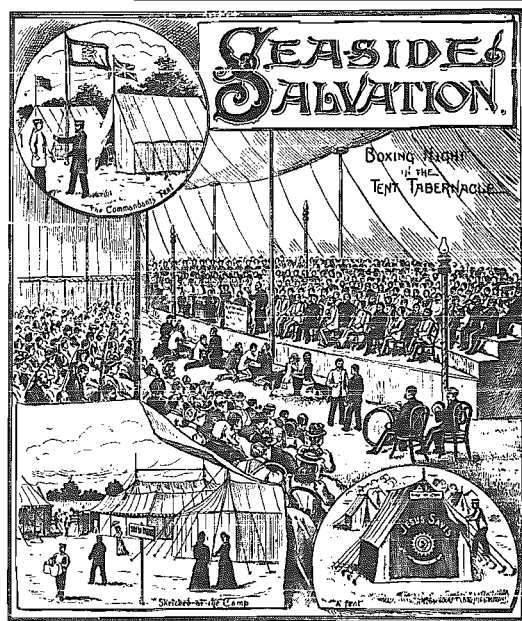
BRIGADIER PRABHU DAS ON TOUR.

I spent seven days in the Ramakrishna Division, and visited eleven corps. With the exception of one or two, I found all the corps in a good and progressive condition.

At each meeting we had a splendid attendance of soldiers, etc. Junior meetings were held as well, with great success. On the whole, the schools are on the up grade. We met something like thirty Local Officers of these corps and had good times with them.

Besides enrolling soldiers, and changing the names of converts, we had 129 souls on the tour. The people were very kind to us, and did a great deal towards the feeding of the party at each place. Among the above-mentioned souls, we had the headmen of two villages.

We finished the campaign with a special demonstration at Talampitya I, corps, where, in spite of pouring rain, we had five hundred present. Had it been fair, we should, no doubt, have had one thousand. The people undertook all the expenses of the campaign.



A CHRISTMAS CAMP IN AUSTRALIA.

thus relieving us of all expenditure. This was a kind of thanksgiving meeting for all that God and the Army had done for the people, especially in connection with the recent privileges granted by the government to them through the Army. The people presented us with an address and 250 rupees as a thank-offering.

The meeting was a very impressive and influential one, and one that will do our work a great deal of good in the future. We had the two headmen up to the stand, and advised them with regard to doing their work honestly, etc.

Very affectionate references were made to the life and death of Staff Captain Yessu Prakas, at one time, the people all over the place breaking out in sobs and crying. From this place we repaired to Talampitya II, (which is the centre of the Ramakrishna Division), and laid the stone for a central school, i.e. a school where the leading children of the Division will be gathered and taught a higher knowledge of Singleness and Little English. One of our Sergeant-Majors presented us with the land, and the people are going to put up the building (forty by twenty feet) at their own cost (Rs. 250).

Choose ever the plainest road, it always answers best.—Harnston.

British Guiana.

Although in this lovely colony we have not the beautiful Christmas season of snow and ice, yet these people know how to appreciate a good holiday, and Christmas was looked forward to with the same eagerness as in the Mother Country. Shops showed the same extra activity as in any other large city, and everywhere preparations were going on weeks beforehand. Many natives from the goldfields arrived in town daily, making things very lively with their native songs and guitars. The Salvation Army was among the busiest, for they undertook to provide a free Christmas dinner for 150 aged people. The day was beautiful and bright, like an English July day, and the red bodices and white caps of fifty-six Army lasses running in all directions, told of something exciting going on. The front of the beautiful Town Hall was a scene which made the hardest heart move with compassion. There were the blind, and the lame, and the deaf, the poorest from all parts of the city, until 100 were comfortably seated at the beautifully-decorated tables. Many of the guests were too feeble to help themselves, and had to be fed:

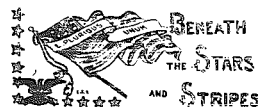


Prof. Watson Smith writes thus of a friend of the Army: "Here is a beautiful testimony from a Japanese friend, Prof. Shimomura, who is now manager of extensive works in Osaka. He is a friend of the Salvation Army, and when once in London came with me to an Auxiliary meeting at Headquarters, and gave an interesting testimony there. He has been endeavoring to introduce the process of making hard coke in closed coke-ovens, for use in iron blast-furnaces, into Japan, and, after strenuous efforts and much anxiety, he has at last succeeded. After recounting all this to his beautiful acknowledgment of the help and support of a Heavenly Father's blessing: 'Now that I have accomplished the two above objects, I greeted the rising sun of this first day (of New Year) with a heart light and happy, full of gratitude to the Almighty.'"

PARIS EXHIBITION.

In order to oblige friends and comrades from all parts of the world who intend visiting Paris this year, Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has made arrangements which will enable him to supply visitors with respectable lodgings at reasonable terms. Full particulars on application to

MAJOR VAN ALLEN,
3 Rue Aubor, Paris.



The following cable was sent to the London War Cry by Colonel Higgins: "The Congress was a great triumph. The Carnegie Music Hall was crammed with people, hundreds being turned away, and the brilliant and enthusiastic scene continued till nearly midnight. "One hundred Staff and five hundred Field Officers were present at the four-days' council. These formed a glorious series, and were marked by marvellous outpourings of Holy Ghost light, liberty, and power.

The General's letter to the Staff aroused the most enthusiasm, and was replied to by the utmost assurances of devotion and loyalty.

"Adviance" is the battle-cry of the hour.

"Commissioner Howard's presence was helpful and inspiring. God was mightily with our Commander and Consul.

"We had the joy of seeing 125 souls come out at the public meetings."

Commissioner Howard's welcome to Chicago was enthusiastic. 100 officers and Cadets were gathered in council. 25 souls for salvation and holiness in the afternoon. 500 rose in consecration at night.

The Commander and Consul are both on the war path. Splendid meetings are reported at each place visited.

A "First Aid to the Injured" Class has been formed in New York in connection with the Corps Cadet Branch.

Lieut. Colonel Brewer has been ill, and was compelled to cancel his trip to the coast for a while.

There is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.—Shakespeare.

Character is a garment which the invisible fingers of the soul are ever weaving.—George Eliot.

Whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.



Commissioner McKie has opened a Rescue Home at Cologne, to accommodate fifteen women.

It was accorded a few weeks ago that Elling—a German corps—had registered forty-seven souls at the penitentiary. Forty of these have just been sworn in as soldiers—an exceptionally good percentage, which reflects great credit on the officers in charge.

HUSTLERS RENDEZVOUS

Hats Off to Howell and Pickering—Lieut. Smith Wins the Duel—
"Never Prophecy Unless You Know"—Booming in 57° Below.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION

West Ontario Province	92
Central Ontario Province	87
East Ontario Province	78

Hats off again to Brigadier Howell!

And don't be too hard on Nigger, of the Central. He's only five yards behind!

Lieut. Smith wasn't relieved in a week, and you can't expect Brigadier Pugitive to get there all at a jump! Give him time.

My choice last week proves correct. The dead heat between Capt. Stitzer and Lieut. Smith has been broken, and the Lieutenant comes out smiling, with 204 to her credit. Well done, Lieutenant!

The West Ontario Province does well to stand in no less than ten century runners.

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov.	118	North-West	43
		Pacific	41
		Newfound'd.	13
		Klondike	2
Totals..	118		99

"As easy as rolling off a log!"

Thus Major Pickering, of the Eastern Province. He seems to be sure of his facts.

Still, in these days of surprises, one must not think himself secure because he happens to "get there" once or twice.

"Never prophecy unless you know," is one of Mark Twain's great mottoes. Adopting this, I shall not indulge in picking out next week's winner.

The North-West helped him by a decrease of ten, and the Pacific also made it easy by not doing better.

Newfoundland is down again. Only three, of course, but it's a decrease all the same. Oh, my poor heart!

The two Klondikers this week save the reputation of that part of the field. I see they had a touch of cold in Dawson in February. The thermometer registered 77° below! It is to be hoped Lieut. Morris was fortunate enough to secure a snapshot of Lieut. Aikens hovering War Cry on the crowded (?) streets of Dawson at the above-mentioned temperature. I am waiting for it.



BRO. MOORS,
Montreal I.
One of our
Energetic
War Cry
Boomers.

The barometer records the following rises: French crops, Montreal, 75. Well done, mes chers camarades! Alliez-vous-en! (This is a favorite French phrase of mine, not patented.) Souris, Man. takes 50 Crys. Dible rises 7, Greenspond 2, and St. John 111. 30. Congratulations, all.

Sad to say there are some falls, which I will not expose here.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London	204
Capt. Stitzer, Woodstock	175
Lieut. Pyke, Sarnia	140
Mrs. Bateman, Stratford	124
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	112
Lieut. Knuckle, Brantford	110
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Brantford	105
Mrs. Bonn, Petrolia	104
Lieut. Moixoy, Goderich	103
Capt. Huntingdon, Leamington	100
Ensign Green, Windsor	99
Daisy Bond, Wingham	90
Mrs. Dixon, St. Thomas	85

Bro. Palmer, London	40
Lieut. Howard, Wallaceburg	38
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Lieut. Bishop, Listowel	35
Mrs. Harris, London	34
Era Simpson, Guelph	34
Capt. Carr, Wyoming	31
Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgetown	30
Mother Cuttuz, Essex	30
Mrs. Schwartz, Galt	30
Mrs. Steel, Petrolia	30
Mrs. Wakefield, Forest	30
Capt. Wiseman, Goderich	29
Gertie Simpson, Guelph	29
Capt. Copeman, Thorndon	20
Capt. Haley, Ridgetown	20
Capt. Hawick, Ingersoll	20
Treas. Copp, Seaford	20
Bro. Golding, Stratford	20
Capt. Williams, Galt	20
Lieut. Yeomans, Galt	20
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	20
Lieut. Winters, Palmerston	20
Mrs. Gooding, Galt	20
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	20
Mrs. Kerwood, Drayton	20
Sister Gordon, Paris	20
Sister McFuzzart, Seaford	20
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Dowell, Blochem	20
Capt. Huchin, Norwich	20
Marshall Bonn, Wallaceburg	20
Mrs. McKay, St. Thomas	20

OUR MODERN CRUSADE.



"THERE MUST BE NO SLACKING OF OUR DESPERATE EFFORTS OF THE SIEGE TO FORCE THE ARCH-ENEMY FROM HIS STRONGHOLD."

Capt. Holman, Chatham	75
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	72
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	70
Lieut. Stickels, Berlin	70
Capt. Freeman, Strathroy	70
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	68
Capt. Green, Windsor	68
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	65
Ensign Wakefield, London	63
P. S. M. Darling, Hespeler	63
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Capt. Coy, Essex	60
Ensign Slot, Dresden	60
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Strathroy	50
Sergt. McGuinn, Blochem	50
Lieut. Roper, Norwich	55
Mrs. Gunder, Goderich	55
Capt. Campbell, Clinton	54
Lieut. Plant, Clinton	54
Mrs. Baxter, Petrolia	50
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	50
Lieut. Edwards, Paris	50
Mrs. Golding, Stratford	50
Sec. Gifford, Simcoe	50
Capt. Mathers, St. Thomas	45
Capt. Hester, Tilsonburg	45
Capt. Burrows, Bryfield	45
Francis Erb, Berlin	45
Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg	43

Treas. Christner, Dresden	24
Geo. Palmer, London	23
S. M. Virtue, Windsor	22
Bro. Musgrave, Wexeter	20
Bro. Capt. Co. Hespeler	20
Lieut. Crawford, Hespeler	20
S. Gammage, Chatham	20
Lieut. Penney, Forest	20
E. McKithine, Windsor	20
Capt. Howcroft, Berlin	20
Capt. White, Listowel	20
Lieut. Groubridge, Stratford	20
Sadie Irwin, Simcoe	20
Mrs. Burns, Dresden	20
Sergt. Lewis, Ingersoll	20
Capt. Dowell, Blochem	20
Mrs. Hockins, St. Thomas	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

87 Hustlers.

Mrs. Pearce, Temple	125
Bro. Bowcher, Lisgar St.	98
S. M. Mrs. Schwarzfager, Lindsay	77
Capt. Wilson, Pary Sound	75
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Newmarket	72
Cadet Phillips, Lippincott	70
Adj. Whiggins, Barrie	60

Cadet Price, Lippincott	55
S. M. Thompson, Hamilton I.	55
Sister Lighthart, Hamilton I.	55
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	52
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	51
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	50
Lieut. Christopher, North Bay	50
Lanna, Aurora	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Capt. Darrach, Meaford	50
Treas. Everley, Oshawa	50
Lieut. McGrogan, Riverside	50
Lieut. Trickey, Orlia	50
Capt. Capper, Richmond St.	50
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Lieut. Leggett, Collingwood	50
Sergt. Rustin, Lisgar St.	49
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	46
Capt. Sherwin, Orlia	45
Lieut. Grayett, Orlia	45
Capt. Fisher, Sudbury	44
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	42
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	40
S. M. Boyer, Brucebridge	39
Capt. Carter, Lippincott	38
Adj. Goodwin, Hamilton I.	35
Capt. Poole, Chesley	35
Capt. Ronnie, Sudbury	31
Capt. Richmond, Brucebridge	32
Cadet Greenwood, Temple	32
Ensign Storer, Oshawa	30
Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	31
Capt. Brooks, Kinnmount	30
Capt. Cressmer, Hamilton II.	30
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton II.	30
Capt. Huskinson, Midland	30
Lieut. Stuckels, Midland	30
Capt. Nelson, Brantford	30
Lieut. Marshall, Omeene	30
Lieut. Carwardine, Bowmanville	30
Maud Slater, Fenelon Falls	29
Cops Cadet Menzies, Fenelon Falls	28
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	25
Capt. Howers, Huntsville	25
Lieut. Stickels, Huntsville	25
Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	25
Mrs. Moore, Lindsay	25
S. M. Mrs. Killingsbeck, Lindsay	25
Capt. McCann, Oshawa	25
Lieut. Patterson, Oshawa	25
Sergt. Pearce, Richmond St.	25
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	25
Cadet Hoole, Lippincott	25
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	25
Sister Brown, Hamilton I.	25
Capt. Welch, Brantford	24
Cadet Brown, Temple	24
Cadet Warren, Temple	23
Cand. M. Porter, Uxbridge	23
Sister Julian, Dovercourt	22
Edith Smith, Dovercourt	22
S. M. Howers, Lisgar St.	22
Mrs. Cartmouche, Kinnmount	22
Sergt. Tuck, Lisgar St.	20
Capt. Meeks, Dovercourt	20
Sergt. Mrs. Hartwick, Lindsay	20
Capt. Croze, Gravenhurst	20
Capt. Rose, Yorkville	20
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	20
Lieut. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls	20
Mrs. Bowerman, Newmarket	20
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Sergt. Mrs. Bone, Barrie	20
Capt. Cornish, Collingwood	20
Father Curry, Hamilton II.	20
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton II.	20
Capt. Brant, Omeene	20
Capt. Connors, Dundas	20
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

78 Hustlers.

Capt. Munford, Ottawa	237
Capt. French, Kingston	165
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	131
Adj. Kendall, Belleville	109
Capt. O'Neil, St. Albans	105
Lieut. Laddow, St. Albans	105
Capt. Brown, Burlington	100
Capt. Stratford, Napanace	91
Adj. Oslive, Cornwall	89
Capt. Grosse, Prescott	85
Capt. Woods, Morrisburg	80
Capt. Burtch, Brockville	80
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	80
Lieut. Yandish, Brockville	79
Sergt. Major Yeal, Barre	79
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Pictou	76
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	75
Capt. Croze, Kempsville	75
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	70
Capt. Stair, St. Johnsbury	70
Capt. Randall, Peterboro	68
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope	60
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke	60
Bro. Moors, Montreal I.	60
Lieut. Thompson, Gananoque	56
Ensign Steiger, Gananoque	56
Cadet Hicks, Newmarket	51
Lieut. Carter, Burlington	50
Sergt. Richards, Montreal IV.	50
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	50
Capt. Lake, Deseronto	47
Sergt. Stair, Barre	48
Capt. Constable, Colong	46
Lieut. Lang, Colong	46
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	45
Treas. Bloss, Quebec	45
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	45
Lieut. Langford, Amherst	42
Sergt. Simons, Kingston	42

Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	41
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	40
Mrs. Essign Sims, Barre	40
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	40
Mrs. Capt. Henschell, Tweed	40
Sergt. Newell, Barre	35
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	35
Sister Logie, Montreal 1	35
Mrs. Pearson, Napanee	31
Mrs. Hippner, Montreal 11	33
Sister A. Avey, Sherbrooke	30
Capt. Green, Perth	30
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	30
Capt. Dawson, Contrecoque	30
Lieut. Cook, Contrecoque	30
Lieut. Norman, Trenton	30
Sister Harrison, Peterboro	28
Sister Robinson, Trenton	25
Minnie Carey, Burlington	25
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	25
Lieut. Brooks, Montreal 1	25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Sister Brown, Montreal 1	25
Capt. Wilson, Perth	25
Capt. Vance, Bloomfield	21
Lieut. Weir, Millbrook	21
J. S. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	20
Sister Horman, Millbrook	20
Bro. Horman, Millbrook	20
Bro. Henschell, Tweed	20
Capt. Slater, Newfrew	20
Sister Wentworth, Kingston	20
Bro. Vatcher, Quebec	20
Sergt. Haymo, Barre	20
Mark Spence, Peterboro	20
Sister Wright, Peterboro	20
Capt. Crego, Odessa	20
Dad Duquet, Trenton	20
Lieut. Hickman, Sanbury	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

118 Hustlers.

J. McQueen, Moncton	135
Sergt. Ming, St. John 1	130
Capt. G. Thompson, Glace Bay	130
P. S. S. M. Smith, Windsor	125
Capt. Bowring, Westville	10
Nash, Glace, Hamilton	10
Mrs. Salter, Hamilton	10
Essign Parsons, Yarmouth	8
Capt. Fleming, Somerset	8
Capt. Kirk, St. John V	7
Bro. Reid, St. John 1	7
Sergt. D. Long, Summerside	7
Lieut. Jones, Woodstock	7
Lieut. Lebars, Stellarton	7
Maud Wilson, Halifax 1	7
Cadet Chandler, St. John 1	7
Capt. Martin, Fredericton	7
Father Armstrong, St. John III	6
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	6
Lieut. Denkin, Sackville	6
Lieut. Murrough, Hillsboro	5
Mrs. Essign Knight, Calais	5
Adj. E. MacNamara, Charlottetown	5
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	5
Sergt. Lebars, Fredericton	5
Capt. Perry, St. John III	5
Essign Knight, St. John II	5
Capt. Wilson, Charlottetown	5
Capt. Laws, Charlottetown	5
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen	5
Lieut. Cameron, Canning	5
Capt. Clark, Moncton	5
Lieut. Pemberton, Amherst	5
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	5
Capt. Allan, Carleton	5
P. S. M. Hawkins, Yarmouth	4
Capt. Fancy, Pictou	4
Capt. Green, Sussex	4
C. Durdan, Fairville	4
A. Hamie, Bridgetown	4
Cadet Lebars, St. John 1	4
Capt. Brown, North Sydney	4
C. Conrad, Halifax 1	4
Capt. McElheney, New Glasgow	4
Lieut. Held, Hampton	4
Essign Jennings, Springhill	4
Capt. Ritchie, Springhill	4
Lieut. Netting, Liverpool	4
Bro. Kendall, Fredericton	4
Capt. Piercey, Sydney	4
Mrs. Maylee, Charlottetown	4
Cadet Dwyer, St. John 1	4
Capt. Bradbury, Moncton	4
Lieut. Brown, Pictou	4
Lieut. Hawbold, Digby	4
Sergt. S. Holden, Windsor	4
Lieut. Trafton, Digby	4
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	4
Capt. Lovely, Parrsboro	4
Capt. Clark, Kentville	4
Lieut. Peckham, Kentville	4
Sister Morris, Parrsboro	4
Sergt. Wade, Hamilton	4
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton	4
Mrs. Senturia, Hamilton	4
P. S. M. Kent, Bear River	4
Treas. Olive, Carleton	4
Sister Parks, Carleton	4
Capt. Armstrong, North Head	4
Leah Round, Summerside	4
Adj. Byers, St. John III	4
Sergt. Pettie, New Glasgow	4
Corps Cadet McKenzie, New Glasgow	4
Sergt. M. Lyons, Fredericton	4

W. Burgess, Halifax 1	20
B. Sharpless, Windsor	20
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	20
Essign Knight, Calais	20
Sister Squires, Springhill	20
Capt. Welch, Woodstock	20
Mrs. Essign Larder, Chatham	20
Sergt. England, Chatham	20
Capt. O. Clark, Bridgewater	20
Treas. Cashin, Bridgewater	20
Capt. Hunt, Hillsboro	20
Lieut. Murrough, Hillsboro	20
Adj. Fraser, Moncton	20
B. Taylor, Bear River	20
Sergt. Aldrich, New Glasgow	20
Cand. McDonald, New Glasgow	20
Cand. Meakley, New Glasgow	20
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	20
Mrs. Bowdley, Dartmouth	20
Bliss Bailey, Moncton	20
Capt. Doyle, Sydney Mines	20
Lieut. Tate, North Head	20
Mrs. Dunn, Yarmouth	20
Essign Larder, Chatham	20
Willie Warren, Charlottetown	20
A. Smith, Hamilton	20
Capt. Brehaut, Somerset	20
Capt. Goodwin, Somerset	20
Capt. Miller, Fairville	20
Sergt. Lebars, Fredericton	20
Maud Healy, Fredericton	20
Sergt. M. Donovan, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Tilley, St. John II	20
Sergt. Norman, Glace Bay	20
Capt. Cowan, Bridgetown	20
Willie Matthews, Southampton	20
Samuel Hatcher, North Sydney	20
Mrs. Pike, North Sydney	20
Essign Elsbury, Annapolis	20
Capt. Davis, Pictou	20
Capt. Tilley, Canning	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

43 Hustlers.

Cadet Gamble, Winnipeg	152
Lieut. Nuttall, Winnipeg	94
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	94
Sister A. Cook, Fargo	81
Lieut. Cook, Brandon	81

Capt. Perrenoud, Kailispell	30
Sister M. Vehn, Butte	28
Sister Korky, Vancouver	28
Sister Mrs. Deardon, Victoria	28
Sister A. Mortimer, Victoria	23
Sister Warford, Livingston	22
Sister Shinn, Livingston	21
Sergt.-Major Cameron, Rossland	21
Capt. Inas, Revelstoke	20
Sister Noble, Revelstoke	20
Sister Monteith, Dillon	20
Sister Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	20
Sergt. Denny, Great Falls	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

13 Hustlers.

Cadet Cummings, St. Johns 1	46
Cadet Tilley, St. Johns 1	44
Cadet Howse, St. Johns 1	35
Cadet Oldford, St. Johns 1	30
Sergt. Mrs. Cook, St. Johns 1	25
Sergt. Bessie Hisecock, St. Johns 1	25
Sergt. Mary Rose, St. Johns 1	25
Cand. Wiltshire, Heart's Delight	21
Sergt. Mrs. Peddel, St. Johns 1	20
Cadet May, St. Johns 1	20
Sergt. Shout, St. Johns 1	20
Sergt.-Major Elsbury, St. Johns 1	20
Sergt. Alex. Hand, St. Johns Slum	20
Corps	20

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj. McGill, Skagway	125
Adj. McGill, Skagway	67

ANOTHER CHANCE.

A Lyric from Life's Monodrama.

Come, give me back my life again, you heavy-handed Death!
Unhook your fingers from my throat,
and let me draw my breath.
You do me wrong to take me now—too soon for me to die—

They follow Christ, but far away; they wander and they doubt.
I'll serve Him in a better way, and live His precepts out.

You see, I've waited just for this; I could not be content
To own a feeble, faltering faith with human weakness blent.
Too many runners in the race move slow, by, stumble, fall;
But I will run so straight and swift I shall outstrip them all.

Oh, think what it will mean to men, amid their feeble strife,
To see the clear, unshadowed light of one true Christian life,
Without a touch of selfishness, without a taint of sin—
With one short month of such a life a new world would begin!

And love—I often dream of that the treasure of the earth;
How little they who use the coin have realized its worth!

'Twill pay all debts, enrich all hearts, and make all joys secure,
But love, to do its perfect work, must be sincere and pure.

My heart is full of virgin gold, I'll pour it out and spend
My hidden wealth, with lavish hand, on all who call me friend.
Not one shall miss the kindly deed, the largess of relief,
The generous fellowship of joy, the sympathy of grief.

I'll say the loyal, "I'll make life"
I'll pay "I'll make life"



Get on the Promise.

Time. Oh, men ye (B.B. 19, B.J. 8th).

1 Oh, soldier of Jesus, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to strengthen thee now;
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God,
Step out on the promise—get under the Blood.

Oh, ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice!
For ye shall be filled: oh, hear that sweet voice,
Inviting you now to the banquet of love,
Step out on the promise—get under the Blood.

Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
Oh, poor, troubled soul! there's a promise for thee;
Thou shalt rest, weary one, in the bosom of God;
Step out on the promise—get under the Blood.

Who won't save, though each
one get under that
cross of God!
Who won't save, though each
one get under that
cross of God!

The Lord is near when foes appear,
And bids us not to fear,
But fight the fight for God and right,
He'll keep the pathway clear;
Then, when we come to this, we'll shout
our battle cry,
The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as
snow.

Push on, Comrades.

Times.—On to conquer (B.J. 7th); We'll
all shout Hallelujah (B.J. 26).

4 Oh, my comrades in the fight,
Who are struggling for the right,
Never falter, though the battle may
be long;
If we pull together well
We shall conquer death and hell,
So in faith we'll push the chariot along.

Chorus.

Push on, comrades, in the battle,
Our great King will make us strong;
In the soldier's home on high
We'll be wealthy by-and-by,
If we boldly push the chariot along.

Push the battle on in love,
There's a shining crown above,
If we faithful to the finish shall endure;
So we'll dare to do the right,
And we'll conquer in the fight,
Till in heaven all our sufferings will be
o'er.

Push the battle on with prayer,
Let the news go everywhere,
That Emmanuel shall yet reign over all;
Black and white, and every kind,
Shall a loving Saviour find,
And the nations shall come bowing at
His call.

Push the battle on with force,
Till we over Jordan cross,
To the country where our comrades are
are gone;
Who have fought the fight and won,
And have heard the glad "Well done!"
Till with them we praise the Saviour
round the throne.

Life's Little Day.

Times. Say, but I yield (B.J. 30); From
every stain made clean (B.J. 8th).

5 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

Chorus.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall sleep no more.

A few more Sabbaths here,
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Thy eternal Sabbath day.

Come, Sinners!

Time. Come, sinners, to Jesus (B.B. 10,
S.M. 1, 263).

6 Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer
delay,
A free, full salvation is offered to-
day;
Arise, all ye bond-slaves, awake from
your dream,
Believe, and the light and the glory
shall stream.

Chorus.

For the conquering Saviour shall break
every chain,
And give us the victory again and again;
The world will oppose you, and Satan
will rage,
To hinder your coming they both will
engage;
But Jesus, your Saviour, has conquered
for you,
And He will assist you to conquer them
too.

Though tough be the fighting and
troubles arise,
There are mansions of glory prepared in
the skies;
A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall
view,
And hundreds of vict'ry are waiting for
you.
When death's shady valley Christ calls
you to tread,
A halo of glory around you He'll shed,
His presence shall cheer you as family
you pray,
And angels to glory shall bear you away.

Since I the Saviour Found.

7 To find true peace and happiness,
I worldly pleasures tried;
But they an aching heart did leave,
A heavy heart beside.
I built two castles in the air,
Which soon fell to the ground;
I never got true satisfaction,
Till I the Saviour found.

Repent the last two days for wasted
time,
One night I wandered down the street,
So weary with my sin;
The things around looked black as night,
And all was dark within,
Just then I heard the Army band,
As they came marching round,
I followed them into the barracks,
Where I the Saviour found.
And now I'm in the Army too,
And with them march and sing;
Where'er I go I tell poor sinners,
Of Christ, the Saviour-King,
The joy I feel I can't express,
"The sunshine all around;
My life's been full of joy and gladness,
Since I the Saviour found.

Staff-Capt. P. A.



To Heaven from North Sydney

Bro. Willie Camm, who has been a
soldier of this corps for almost three
years, has gone home to be with Jesus.
After two years of suffering, he at last
received the message, "Come up higher."
He will be missed here, but we believe
that our loss is heaven's gain. A. E.

WITH JESUS.

Today, as we laid him beneath the sod,
And looked at the new-made grave,
We knew he had passed through the
pearly gates,
Far over the chilly wave.

Beyond the cold, damp mist of death,
He saw the summer land;
In the valley of shadows he found not
to tread,
While Jesus held his hand.

Loved ones came down to the river's
brink,
But they could not cross the tide,
"I'll be watching for you," were the
words he said,
As he passed to the other side.

In his earthly home is a vacant chair,
And a dear one gone for ever;
But we'll meet him where our God's own
hand
Shall wipe all tears away.